Western Wanderings

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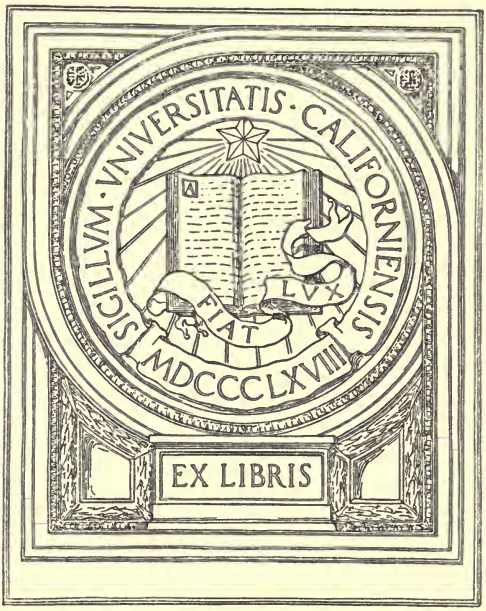

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To Alethea
The Most Wonderful Woman
in the World

from the author

Feb 16, 1912.

WESTERN WANDERINGS

ILLUSTRATED

TAYLOR EXCHANGE 2/17 '40

Emma Abbott Gage.

WESTERN WANDERINGS AND SUMMER SAUNTERINGS THROUGH PICTURESQUE COLORADO

BY

Mrs. EMMA (ABBOTT) GAGE d. 1925.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
28 PLATES

1900

The Lord Baltimore Press

THE FRIEDENWALD COMPANY

BALTIMORE, MD. U. S. A.

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO
MY FATHER
WILLIAM MARTIN ABBOTT
EDITOR OF THE "EVENING CAPITAL"
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND
IN WHICH PAPER
THESE LETTERS WERE ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

APOLOGETIC.

One day, last September, while making a three-days' trip over the picturesque Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, from Denver to Grand Junction, I casually mentioned to a fellow-traveler that I had been writing letters, descriptive of my western trip, to an eastern newspaper. He made the semi-sarcastic rejoinder, "Then I suppose you are going to write a book," and quoted the oft-heard expression "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book." I said, "No, I had no thought nor intention of ever inflicting such a burden upon my adversary or my friend;" and at that time I had not.

After "Western Wanderings" of four months, I returned to my home in the East, and found that my letters had met with popular favor. This volume is a compilation of those letters, and is printed only at the earnest solicitation of over-kind friends, who assured me the letters received much commendation, and that their compilation in book-form would be very acceptable.

Apologetically, however, I trust I am not without modesty becoming a country-school teacher, and one who is a novice in literary work. I, therefore, offer this word of explanation at the outset as to how this volume came into existence, and trust it may afford at least a portion of the pleasure to the reader, that it has given me to write it. I should not care to have written on its fly-leaf those lines the young lady wrote on a ponderous religious treatise loaned to her by a good old gentleman, who read there on its return:

"If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry."

If my enemy be delighted that I have written a book, I trust he may induce my friends to share with him the same convivial spirit.

E. A. G.

Annapolis, Feb. 19th, 1900.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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WESTERN WANDERINGS.

CHAPTER I.

WESTWARD HO!

SCENES AND INCIDENTS EN ROUTE TO CHICAGO OVER THE PICTURESQUE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

Having been born one of those questioning, inquiring creatures, with an interrogation point behind us, and having grown up with the desire to follow Horace Greely's injunction, which paraphrased is, "Go West, young woman, go West," it had been the desire of our hearts since early womanhood, to peer into that great western country about which so much has been said and written.

Loving travel, and hoping some day to visit other lands, we preferred first to learn more of our own fair, beautiful country, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

To this end, on the early morning of July 31, 1899, in company with Mr. George A. Culver, cashier of the Farmers' National Bank of Annapolis,

and his wife, Mrs. George A. Culver, we boarded the Baltimore and Annapolis Short Line train for Chicago, via Washington, over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Although much has been said and written of the far-famed picturesque Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, yet there is always something fresh and new to tell about it when the tourist embarks on the "Royal Blue" for a trip over the most historic and picturesque railway in the East. There is through-car service daily on the "New York and Chicago Limited," trains Nos. 5 and 6, and a solid vestibuled train with Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars to Chicago, and a Pullman observation-car from Baltimore to Pittsburgh. The car service is perfect, the officials polite and obliging, and the appointments of the drawing-room sleeping-car unique. Riding over a smooth and even road-bed, oiled with crude petroleum to lay the dust—that *béte noir* to the traveling public—and surrounded with the ease and comfort of home, travel on the Baltimore and Ohio is robbed of its unpleasant features, and one skims through space and annihilates time, all-forgetful of the miles that separate him from those loved ones at home.

The observation-cars are comparatively a new feature of the service, and seated in one of these at the rear of the train, one has every opportunity and

advantage to "view the landscape o'er," and enjoy the points of interest and historic significance for which the Baltimore and Ohio is famous. As many of our readers know, part of the Baltimore and Ohio road between Baltimore and Washington was the first railroad built in America. From Washington to Pittsburgh it is along the line of the old National Road, which was laid out by George Washington in 1753. George, of hatchet fame, was at that time civil engineer. Between Cumberland and Pittsburgh was the scene of the fourth and last French and Indian War, and all along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio from Washington to Pittsburgh, are historic points of interest connected with the War of the Rebellion. Besides containing so many points of historic interest along the route, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad winds through a country of most picturesque scenery, the beauty and magnificence of which are unparalleled, and the interest of which is continuous from start to finish.

Leaving Annapolis Junction, which is 324 miles from Pittsburgh, the first point of interest is College Park, where the Maryland State Agricultural College is located. Then comes Hyattsville, or Bladensburg, as it was called. Here there is a ford, across which the British charged in 1814. The line of the Baltimore and Ohio passes over the ground where the fighting was most severe. Not

far away is the notorious dueling ground of Revolutionary times. The next stop is at the city of Washington, where, to the left of the train the domes of the Capitol and Library Building can be plainly seen, and on the right, Washington Monument looms up, a shining-white, glistening mass of marble. Leaving Washington, the first stop is at Rockville, the county seat of Montgomery county, and one of the oldest towns in Maryland. About 20 miles from this point, the road crosses the famous Monocacy river, a branch of the Potomac. The scenery here is very beautiful. The next point of interest is Washington Junction, 14 miles north of which is Frederick, of "Barbara Fritchie" fame, and where the battle of Monocacy was fought between Generals Lew Wallace and Jubal Early. About a mile from Washington Junction, the beautiful Potomac river begins to "keep company" with the railway, and continues in this companionship for about 150 miles.

At this junction is Point of Rocks, one of the most picturesque sections of Maryland. Here, to the left, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal begins its parallel course with the railway, and the elevation to the mountain regions begins. Here, one catches a glimpse of the beautiful Alleghanies which, a little later, stand out in bold relief in all their picturesque beauty and grandeur. It was at

"HORSE AND FOOT THROUGH FREDERICKTOWN." BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

this point that both of the armies during the Civil War crossed and recrossed the Potomac, and here many skirmishes occurred. The next point of interest is at Brunswick, where General Meade's army recrossed the Potomac on its return from the battle of Gettysburg to Washington. After a ride of three miles, Weverton is reached. Here it was that General Burnside with his command, crossed the railroad en route to Washington from the battle of Antietam. Words cannot describe the picturesque beauty of America's most historic spot, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, which is 95 miles from Baltimore and 247 miles from Pittsburgh. The Baltimore and Ohio has recently straightened its route considerably, besides lessening the distance by cutting tunnels through the mountains. Approaching Harper's Ferry from the east, the train passes through one of these recently-cut tunnels through the base of Maryland Heights. Here, the new steel bridge over the Potomac is crossed, and a stop is made at the station, where there is a monument to John Brown. To the left is the Shenandoah river, another branch of the Potomac. Across the Shenandoah river can be seen the big mountain known as Loudon Heights, on the Virginia side, and back of the town to the west is Bolivar Heights. Back of a little Catholic church on the hill is Jefferson's Rock, where one of the grand-

est views of the mountain, river and valley can be obtained. This is so named because Thomas Jefferson said the view from here was "worthy a trip across the Atlantic."

It was at Harper's Ferry that the strife leading to the Civil War had its birth, and here it was that John Brown, of Ossawatomie fame, with his little band of brave but fanatic followers, shed the first blood. The monument to him, referred to previously, is a simple shaft, and stands on the spot where his improvised "fort" stood forty years ago. Alongside the monument are government tablets, on which the story of the invasion of Harper's Ferry is emblazoned. Below the present railway track, and to the right, along the Potomac, can be seen the old foundation, all that is left of the United States arsenal once located here.

After passing Shenandoah Junction, where many skirmishes of the Civil War took place, Duffields, West Virginia, is reached. Here, General Drake, of Revolutionary fame, is buried a short distance from the station. Next along the route is Kearneysville, famous during the Revolutionary War. Here are still standing the homes of Generals Gates and Charles Lee, of Revolutionary fame. General Robert E. Lee passed through this place on his way to Antietam. The historic city of Martinsburg, which played an important part in the Civil War,

PICTURESQUE POINT OF ROCKS MARYLAND, ON BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

is the next point of interest en route. It was here that wholesale destruction of railroad property of the Baltimore and Ohio by Stonewall Jackson took place. His army carried away eight Baltimore and Ohio engines, hauling them by men and horses 30 miles, to be placed on southern roads and used by his army.

In passing, one catches a sight of North Mountain, where the battle of that name between General Averill's and General Lee's forces took place.

Sir John's Run, West Virginia, is a town founded long before the Revolution and so named because it was once the headquarters of Sir John Sinclair, who was General Braddock's quartermaster. This place is famous for having been the scene of the building of the first steamboat that was run on the Potomac, of which Ramsay was the builder. Passing several points of more or less historic interest, Cumberland, the Queen City of Maryland, 1,000 feet above sea-level, is reached. Here, at Fort Cumberland, General Braddock and General George Washington made their headquarters during the French and Indian War, on a bluff at the junction of Wills creek with the Potomac river. On this site an Episcopal church now stands. Leaving Cumberland, the railway winds along Wills creek, which flows through a natural pass in Wills Mountain, called The Narrows, on either side

of which the mountain sides are steep and precipitous. In the "Virginians," Thackeray describes Wills creek and the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. At the entrance of the gorge, and to the left is the National Bridge, a great stone structure, built by the government during the "twenties," through the influence of Henry Clay and other western statesmen interested in public improvement. The bed of the railroad here had to be cut through solid rock in many places.

Going west, Bear's Heights is on the right and Mount Nebo on the left, and flowing between these is Wills creek. This, and Wills Mountain, take their name from an old Suwanee Chief, Will. One side of Bear's Heights is almost perpendicular, and to this has been ascribed the name Lover's Leap, to which is attached a legend that an Indian maiden cast herself from its summit to the rocks below in her grief at her lover's death. Two miles west of this, and to the right, is to be seen Devil's Backbone, a narrow ledge of rock imbedded in the mountain, the peculiar shape of which accounts for the name. West of Cumberland, the Baltimore and Ohio is along the route originally selected by George Washington as the best avenue for commerce to Pittsburgh, and is said to have been founded in 1753. At Bowman, Pennsylvania, is the famous horse-shoe curve, the heel prints of which are not more than 200 yards apart.

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD AND CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL.

Passing on, and 225 miles from Baltimore, the road reaches an elevation of 2,286 feet. Here is located Sand Patch, so named because in the early part of this century two brothers quarreled here, one fatally shooting the other. The tragedy occurred near a large deposit of sand, and was referred to by witnesses throughout the trial as "sand patch." Here it is that the railroad attains the greatest altitude on this division, the summit of the mountain over the tunnel being 2,467 feet above tidewater. Passing on over a distance of between 40 and 50 miles, and through cities and towns of more or less historic interest, a stop is made at Ohio Pyle, Pennsylvania, on the Youghiogheny river.

Here, the wild and mountainous scenery is indeed beautiful, and one cannot but admire nature's magnificent handiwork while one looks "through nature up to nature's God." The Youghiogheny river, which is now shortened into Yough, is so called from a legend which says a fight once occurred here between an Irishman and an Indian. The Irishman had agreed that the Indian should cry out "enough" when the pugilist of Erin had exercised the "manly art" on his nibs to the extent of human endurance. The Indian forgot the word "enough," or else could not pronounce it, and kept on crying out "Yough! Yough!" The Irishman

became incensed, and told the Indian if he cried out "yough" *again* he would kill him, hence the name "Youghiogheny."

Three miles from here is Fort Necessity, where the American troops surrendered to the French, July 4th, 1754. At Connelsville, Pennsylvania, is located the greatest coke region of the world. Here are to be seen coke ovens on both sides of the railway, with flames shooting out from them and lighting the vicinity like so many blazing torches in line with the procession. At the confluence of the Youghiogheny and the Monongahela rivers is located McKeesport, Pennsylvania, an important manufacturing centre, where are situated the largest tube works in the world. Beside these, are the Bessemer Steel Works and Armor Piercing Projectile Works.

Braddock, Pennsylvania, is the next point of interest, named after General Braddock, who was killed here in the French and Indian War, after the fatal sixty days' march. His grave is near the old National Road. Near this place are the Edgar Thompson Rail Mills and the Carnegie Steel Company's Works. Pittsburgh is now reached, which town was founded by George Washington in 1753. It was captured by the French and called Fort Duquesne, recaptured by the British and called Fort Pitt, after the distinguished statesman. It was after-

HARPER'S FERRY, BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

wards called Pittsburgh, and is the centre of the greatest iron industries of the United States. At this point, night comes on. The train arrives at 7.20 p. m. and leaves at 6.35 ditto—verifying Mark Twain's version of the usefulness of railroad time-tables, that one leaves a place an hour before arriving there. At Pittsburgh, therefore, everybody sets his watch back an hour, from eastern to central time. The observation-car was here taken off, as nightfall prohibited its use, and reading was resorted to in the Pullman until the hour of making up the sections in the sleeper rolled around. Soon all had turned in, and sepulchral silence reigned over all save for the whistle of the engine ever and anon, or the snore of the fellow in the adjoining section, which was a gentle reminder of things ethereal even on a fast-flying Royal Blue. The sunrise revealed a striking contrast with the undulating, mountainous scenery of the previous day, for now the land, broad and flat, stretched far out, without a semblance of a hill to be seen anywhere as far as the eye could reach. Little of interest is to be seen until South Chicago is reached at 8 a. m., and an hour later, No. 5 lightens its burden of living freight at Grand Central Station, Chicago.

This is one of the handsomest stations in the country. Its interior is of massive marble columns supporting the graceful arches of Mosaic work, and

resting on a handsome floor of tiling, kept scrupulously clean—a matter to be wondered at in dirty, muddy Chicago. The trip is made on time, without a jar or a mishap, and one arrives in the World's Fair city as refreshed and ambitious as though he had only "stepped" to Baltimore instead of to Lake Michigan. So easy is the roadbed of the Baltimore and Ohio, so complete the service, so elegant the appointments which surround the traveler with all the comforts of home, that the Royal Blue may truly be said to be the finest train-system in the East.

At Chicago, we parted company with our delightful traveling companions, Mr. and Mrs. Culver. They continued the journey to their objective point, Fargo, North Dakota, by a different route from that which we had chosen to Denver. At Fargo, the Culvers were to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Ladd, of the North Dakota Agricultural College, relatives whom they had not seen for years.

It was not without regret that we came to the "parting of the ways," and good-byes were said, and the remainder of the trip westward made alone.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC." BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

CHAPTER II.

WITH THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

WESTWARD FROM CHICAGO TO OMAHA OVER THE GREAT CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD— SCENES AND INCIDENTS ALONG THE ROUTE.

Vacation days, looked forward to with eager anticipation and enjoyed with keen relish, are ended for the average bread-winner, when for some they are just about to begin. It would not do for all to take vacation at once, there would be nobody at home to sew on Johnnie's buttons, or darn Susie's stockings, or make the baby a frock. So off we go in sections; and some of us are pleased at being in the tail end of the procession, and not with the hilarious band-wagon that went along in the burden and the heat of the mid-summer day.

You dropped us—or we dropped ourselves—in the foregoing chapter, at Chicago, the bustling, hustling World's Fair city, adjacent to which Dame Nature has scattered her gifts in such prodigal profusion, especially along the line of the famous Chicago and North-Western Railway. Arriving at

Chicago via the Baltimore and Ohio, en route for Denver, one proceeds to the station of the Chicago and North-Western, the pioneer line west and northwest of Chicago. Here, one finds the most urbane officials, ready and willing to give all information desired.

To facilitate matters, a corps of uniformed attendants has been provided at the Chicago Passenger Station of the North-Western line, to render both incoming and outgoing passengers all necessary assistance. These attendants wear blue uniforms and bright red caps, and one or more of them is to be found on the platform at the arrival of each train, to assist persons in feeble health, help with hand-baggage, and direct the way to street-cars, cabs, omnibuses or coupés. Their service is entirely free, and no "tips" are necessary. We received the most polite attention from one of these attendants, or "ushers" as they are called, and on inquiry found him to be Frederick G. Follett, usher No. 4, whose polite service won favor with us, and was a drawing card for the road.

Most Colorado passengers leave Chicago on the "Colorado Special" at 10 a. m., which arrives in Denver at 2.55 p. m., next day. This train has through drawing-room, buffet-, smoking- and library-cars, also free reclining-chair-cars to Denver, with dining-cars, meals *a la carte*. There is

everything provided that makes traveling easy and comfortable on the trains of the Chicago and North-Western, which is a standard of excellence in railway construction, operation and equipment. The service is the best, and is thoroughly appreciated by the average tourist. The Chicago and North-Western Railway is the greatest railroad system of the West, reaching with its 7,997 miles of road (including 175 miles of side-track in Chicago), and by traffic arrangements with other railways, 7,350 stations located on 41,000 miles of railroad.

This is one-ninth of the entire railroad mileage of the world, and one-fourth of the railroad mileage of the United States. The Chicago and North-Western has along its line more manufactories than any other western railroad, and it offers large inducements; and, with its eye ever open to progress, it invites eastern manufacturers contemplating moving, or establishing branch manufactories in the West, to ascertain the advantages to be gained along its route before locating elsewhere. Push, progress, persistence and pre-established success are synonymous with the Chicago and North-Western. It reaches, with its own rails, the famous water-powers, iron-ore ranges, coal-fields, hard- and soft-lumber districts located in northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and

South Dakota. As the present road stands, it is the result of a series of consolidations and numerous constructions under various corporate names and during a series of years. The earliest-built portion of the road was incorporated in the State of Illinois in 1836, and was constructed from Chicago to Galena.

The Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company was incorporated, January 16th, 1836, and was provided with a "saving clause" in its charter, whereby the contemplated road might be made a "good turnpike" instead of a railroad. Whether hesitating over which it should be, or simply waiting for the "Star of Empire," it exhibited no especial vitality for some time; and ten years after its organization, found the directors of the company seriously discussing the policy of turning their attention backward from the wilds of Illinois, and first building their road eastward to meet the Michigan Central Railroad, which was then halting at New Buffalo, Indiana. They, however, did decide to venture westward, and the first ten miles of road, Chicago to Harlem, was completed, December 30th, 1848. At this time, the superior advantages of "T-rail" became apparent, and the "strap-rail" with which the road had been laid, was taken up, and the iron "T-rail" put down. This again, with the further march of improvement, has given place

FOX RIVER, GENEVA, ILLINOIS.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, NEAR CLINTON, IOWA.

to the eighty-pound-per-yard steel rail, with which the line is now laid. The history of the road is replete with interest, and its success has been phenomenal. It has well won its claim to the title of "Greatest Railroad System of the West."

In passing it will not be amiss to mention that the Chicago and North-Western Railway is celebrated for the numerous charming resorts on its lines. Among these are the lakes and woodlands of northern Wisconsin and Michigan, which offer a paradise to the exponent and lover of the rod and gun.

There is a multitude of these lakes, named and unnamed, but one delightful resort, which has grown in popularity with victims of hay-fever, asthma, throat and lung troubles, is Gogebic Lake, situated in a romantic forest which extends over northern Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan. It is highly recommended by physicians, and attracts thousands to its shores. It has an unvarying temperature of 42 degrees, and one of its attractions is an artesian well, flowing 2,500 gallons per hour of the purest and most refreshing water. It is 1,400 feet above ocean-level and 900 feet above Lake Superior.

But this is a little off our line of travel, and we must confine ourselves to straight roads with no side-tracks. Leaving Chicago, there are 23 sta-

tions before reaching the Union Pacific Transfer and arriving at Omaha. The scenery is more or less picturesque along the route, and there are multitudes of points of interest. We shall only attempt to mention some of them. We passed Geneva, DeKalb, Rochelle, Clinton, DeWitt, Cedar Rapids and Marshalltown. Here, a number of passengers left the train, among them a lady from Hagerstown, on a visit to relatives, whom she had not seen for many years. Leaving Marshalltown we arrived at Nevada, then Ames. Here, a number of students, on their way to college, left the train. At Ames, Iowa, is located the Iowa State College, a co-educational institution. The president is Prof. Byer, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

The college is a handsome building, with spacious grounds. Several elegant residences are erected on the campus; in one of these resides Secretary Wilson and his charming family. The secretary is instructor of agriculture at the college. It seemed odd to see the students entering college for another term in the month of August. On inquiry of one of them, an exceedingly clever young girl, we were informed that the vacation in Iowa was in winter, not in summer. Leaving Ames, the next stop is at Boones. Here, all passengers were on the *qui vive* for a wreck that had occurred the

day previous, and in which the engineer and fireman were killed. At this point in the road there is a short curve, and it was said the train East-bound jumped the track, the engine falling over the embankment and derailing the coaches. There they lay, a twisted mass of wood and iron, a gruesome reminder of the accident of a few hours previous. We were told that Kate Shelly, of whom we are about to speak, made herself useful on this occasion, as well as on one other, and was at the scene of the accident with bandages, her camphor and whiskey bottle, administering to the wounded and dying.

Leaving Boones about 10 miles away, we crossed the bridge which Kate Shelly has made famous by her heroism, and which is now called "Kate Shelly's Bridge." Here, some years ago, the aforesaid Kate Shelly crawled on her hands and knees, waving a lantern, to warn a coming train of danger, thus saving hundreds of lives from a horrible death. Kate lives in a humble little cottage that can be seen from the bridge. At Jefferson, darkness begins to close in upon us, and we go whizzing along —passing Carroll, Denton and Missouri Valley, until Council Bluffs is reached at 11.20 p. m. The Union Pacific Transfer station is made at 11.30 and we cross the bridge to Omaha, the terminus of the Chicago and North-Western, a road over which we traveled with much comfort, pleasure and interest;

and the complete service, polite officials and unique appointments of which commend themselves to the tourist. On we go, westward with the "Star of Empire." A little more than a baker's dozen of hours before, we had been in the midst of the smoke and noise of bustling, busy Chicago, and now, we were on the borderland of that great plain that stretches away to Granite Cañon, and the summit of the Rockies. Truly steam annihilates space; and man's skill and ingenuity overcomes difficulties.

CHAPTER III.

WESTWARD FROM OMAHA TO DENVER OVER THE GREAT NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ALONG THE ROUTE.

At Omaha, we were 569 miles from Denver. We are now traveling on the Union Pacific, one of the finest equipped roads in the country. It is nearly midnight and we are about to turn in and enjoy one of the new sleepers of the Union Pacific's railroad palaces, which were specially built for the company, and recently put into service on their famous fast trains.

These veritable railroad palaces are broad, vestibuled, twelve-section, drawing-room, smoking-room cars, heavily draped in silk, with seats of embossed silk-plush, and wood-work decorated in the most unique and artistic style. The berths are four inches wider than usual, thus adding to the comfort of the traveler. In the ladies' dressing-room on these cars, an innovation in the form of an empire dresser, with heavy plate mirrors, is an added feature. In the Union Pacific trains the arrangement of the gas lamps is also unique. These are set in

recesses, giving a much softer tone of illumination than otherwise.

On inquiry, we find that the first settlement was made at Omaha in 1854, and that it was named from the Omaha Indians who then possessed the country. In its embryo, Omaha was a mud-hole; to-day, it is one of the finest paved cities in the West. Its population is about 140,500, and in 1880, it had a population of only 30,000. The Union Pacific Railroad has a handsome bridge connecting Omaha, Nebraska, with Council Bluffs, Iowa. This bridge is 1,750 feet long and 70 feet above the water, and is the only double-track steel bridge over the Missouri. It provides for the great transcontinental traffic from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. The exposition was still in progress at Omaha, and the attendance had been good. It was expected to close in November, and had been very successful throughout. A large number of visitors to the exposition left the train at Omaha, and others who had been "doing it," boarded the train "for green fields and pastures new."

Four miles from Omaha to the south, is South Omaha. It has been dubbed the "Magic City," and is connected by railroad and street-railway with Omaha. It was once a suburb of that city, and its rise in comparatively a few years to the third greatest live-stock market, and meat-packing cen-

THE NARROWS, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

UNION PACIFIC BRIDGE ACROSS MISSOURI RIVER AT OMAHA.

tre, is phenomenal. About 40 miles further on, we reach Fremont, which is situated in the midst of the richest and most productive portion of the Platte Valley. At this point the valley stretches away in all directions as far as the eye can reach. Another 30 miles, and Schuyler is reached. It is the seat of Colfax county, and is a growing and enterprising town. Schuyler does a large business in wheat shipments. We are still in Nebraska; and about 18 miles from Schuyler we reach Columbus, which, in 1864, was the frontier town of the State. At this time there were few settlers in Nebraska beyond the town of Columbus. To-day it has a population of 4,150. In the "sixties," Mr. George Train called Columbus the geographical centre of the United States, and advocated the removal of the National Capital to this place.

Proceeding on our westward course, 40 miles further on, a stop is made at Central City, the county seat of Merrick county. It is located in the southern part of the county, and is its business centre, commanding as it does, a good trade. Grand Island, Nebraska, is the next stop. It has a population of 9,000 and is a large and important business place and railroad-junction. Several hundred men are employed at the Union Pacific machine- and repair-shops, which are located there. The station was named Grand Island, from an

island in the Platte river, two miles from this point. The island, which is 30 miles long and 4 miles wide, is the largest in the river. South of the ridge, separating the valley from the Platte and Wood rivers, Kearney is located. Situated as it is, Kearney affords the natural opportunity for the establishment of three artificial lakes, giving an immense water-power, the capacity of which is scarcely disturbed by the various manufacturing plants now operated by it. Another stop is made at Lexington, Nebraska, which is the centre of a rich agricultural and fertile district. About 60 miles west of this point, we reach North Platte, Nebraska, arriving here at half-past seven in the morning by central time, and leaving (*a la* Mark Twain, "before we got there") at 6.30 a. m., mountain-time. Here we set our watches back an hour, and now we are two hours slower than when we left Annapolis. We had forgotten all about the change of time from central to mountain, and in consequence arose an hour earlier than we otherwise should, fearing the porter had neglected to call us in time for the "last call for breakfast." The change in time corresponding to change in longitude, is to some, quite puzzling, and is the occasion for ludicrous incidents, oftentimes. North Platte, where the time changes from central to mountain, is the headquarters of the largest live-stock interests in the State of Nebraska —horses, cattle and sheep.

At last we are out of Nebraska, and the first stop made in Colorado (the State the name of which is of Spanish origin, and means red or colored, and is so called because of the ruddy-colored sandstone prevalent throughout its borders) is at Julesburg, 197 miles from the city of Denver.

Julesburg has about 600 inhabitants, and is named for one, Jules Burg, who was a resident of the town in 1860-61. He was a desperado, and is said to have "died with his boots on." At Julesburg, the train stopped for quite a little while, and a number of the tourists got off and enjoyed the famous Colorado morning air and sunshine. We were very much amused at a large placard posted in the telegraph office at the station. Emblazoned in large type was the following startling advertisement, "Wanted—A Bride and Groom."

At first, we were puzzled to know if weddings are such an unknown quantity in this State that the exponents must needs be advertised for. On inquiry, however, we were informed there was to be a carnival, at which the drawing card would be several weddings of those who were willing to be "tied up" publicly in odd and grotesque costumes. As an incentive to help advertise King Carnival, the brides were to be given handsome presents. One of these carnivals occurred during our sojourn in the West, at which one of the grooms was a phy-

sician and he and his bride were married in Indian costume.

Another station of importance in Colorado, is La Salle. It is 46 miles from Denver, and is a junction for the Union Pacific and Denver Short Line Branch for Julesburg. Crossing the prairies, there were many things that attracted our notice. Chief among these was the fact that no matter how small a town or a burg, the village or hamlet, if only a dozen houses, there was always a school. The people in the west believe in education, and their schools are monuments to that belief. They are no shoddy affairs either; they are modern buildings, well painted, with good play-grounds, and attractive surroundings. We were commenting upon the numerous schools in the small towns en route, when we were told that Colorado has more school-ground for its size than any State in the Union; but of this we shall speak later.

The little, chubby prairie-dogs were objects of interest to the tourist. For miles along the railroad were to be seen their mud- and sand-houses. These dogs are curious little creatures, and, at a distance, do not look unlike the chipmunk. They are agile and playful, jumping and running about in apparent great glee. Here and there, whole families and villages of these prairie-dogs were to be seen, when occasionally there would be but one

or two, perhaps the more seclusive and aristocratic of the settlement, whose clannishness forbade them from mingling with the common herd. We noticed a number of ranches as we neared Denver, and camping-out parties were not infrequent along the route after Colorado was reached. Some Indians in their native costume were to be seen at the stations, and one little fellow in our car called to his mama to come to the window and look at "a real live Indian."

After a most delightful and thoroughly comfortable ride of 569 miles from Omaha, and 1,062 miles from Chicago, Denver is reached at 2.55 p. m. the next day. The officials of the Union Pacific spare no pains in administering to the comfort of those traveling over their road; and one meets with the most polite service at the hands of the employees, from conductor to porter, all of whom are ever ready to give desired information, or assist the inquisitive tourist, who is "taking notes" en route. Union Depot is the one depot in Denver, and is a very handsome and imposing structure of granite. When one alights from the train here, he finds himself puffing like a locomotive, and at first cannot account for his short windedness. When he stops to think, however, that he is at an altitude of 5,170 feet, he begins to take in the situation, and endeavors to grow accustomed to the air breathed at this

height. Of Denver, we shall speak again; suffice it to say just here, it is a city of phenomenal growth and has now a population of 165,000.

From Denver, the Alpine view of the great Rocky Mountain chain, extending north and south for 200 miles, with Long's Peak to the north, Pike's Peak to the south, and the dome of the continent, Gray's Peak, in the centre, is indeed most exquisite. Supplement this picture with the beautiful buttes, foothills and the rolling prairies, 600 miles wide to the eastward, and the magnificent landscape is complete in all its grandeur and picturesqueness. At Denver, one is about two-thirds the distance across the continent—a long way from home—and the trip has been made without accident or mishap of any kind, save an occasional *wash out* along the road here and there (it was Monday, wash day, you know). With the greatest ease and comfort that modern travel affords, we made the trip, glad to reach Denver, "The Queen City of the Plains," which, viewed from the health-seeker's standpoint, is his Mecca, and the atmosphere of which is the healing fount that has returned hundreds of his kind to life and full vitality.

CHAPTER IV.

DENVER—A CITY OF PHENOMENAL GROWTH. INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY —ITS GROWTH IN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

There is so much to be said of Denver, "The Queen City of the Plains," one hesitates where to begin. Thirty-five years ago but a prairie-village, to-day Denver numbers 165,000 inhabitants, and is noted far and near for her commercial activity and beauty as a resident city.

Denver can boast of no antiquity beyond September and October, 1859, and her growth since that time has been phenomenal. When we think of our old Maryland and Virginia towns that date their nativity a century or more ago, and have made little progress since, we blush for their apathy and self-satisfied condition when we behold active, progressive, hustling, bustling Denver, a mere youth in number of years.

Of all western cities, it is the only one that bids fair to wrest from San Francisco her commercial supremacy. Although a mere insignificant trading-post long after San Francisco had become a

thriving and popular seaport, the relative progress of Colorado's metropolis has been more than on a par with that of the city of the Golden Gate. In 1859, Denver consisted merely of a few one-story dwellings, mud-roofed and built of cottonwood logs, fringing the bank of Cherry creek near its outlet into the Platte.

There was not a pound of nails in the entire settlement, and there were not a half-dozen panes of glass. In the summer months, the floors were of earth, in the winter, of mud, the roofs retaining so much water that the saying was, "it rained inside for days after it had stopped on the outside." To-day, Denver is the commercial and industrial centre of one of the wealthiest States in the Union, and is an important railroad-centre, with numerous overland-lines passing through its suburbs, and with branches extending to all the principal agricultural and mining districts. Denver is situated in the valley of the South Platte, 12 miles from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The writer smiles when she writes "foothills," for coming from the East, and when first beholding these "foothills," she exclaimed of their beauty as *mountains*, and was somewhat abashed when informed "these are not mountains, they're only foothills."

We said, "then commend us to some of your mountains," and of these grand, glorious and sub-

lime towers of thousands of feet of rock, we shall speak further on. But, not to digress, the site of the city of Denver is neither level nor hilly, but pleasantly diversified with rolling and undulating surface. The distance from the mountains is sufficient to give a fine view of the range, and to make a magnificent landscape without parallel. The range is seen to best advantage from Old City Cemetery, east of Capitol Hill, the highest elevation in the immediate vicinity of the city, at the end of Eleventh avenue. Bayard Taylor said, when visiting Denver in 1866, that from this hill could be had one of the finest mountain-views in the world. The range is visible for 200 miles. Pike's Peak, 70 miles to the south, when the air is clear, seems hardly half so far, and Long's Peak, nearly as far to the northwest, appears at times but a brief walk distant. The Laramie Hills, in Wyoming, terminate the panorama at the north, while Mount Evans, with its sweeping slope, and lap of snow and ice, lifted to a height of 13,132 feet, is the chief sentinel in the western sky. The mountains, as seen from Denver, are a lasting source of pleasure, and their study, one of increasing interest.

The play of cloud and sunshine, of light and shade, during the varying hours of day, and change of seasons, gives the beholder the most enchanting visions of distant scenery. They can never be de-

scribed; only observation and study can bring to the eye and soul, the wonderful transformation of this mountain range. We have been told, to see the "Rockies" well is to see them all the year round. One must watch their velvety green slopes in June, and their many-colored tints in October; the bare peaks of August and the snowy range of January. The mountains must be seen in the morning and studied at sunset; one must watch them in summer, and observe them in winter. They are scarcely ever twice the same in appearance. There is a subtle charm about the city of Denver for the eastern tourist. One comes here to stay a few weeks, but puts off his return from time to time until he finds the weeks are months, and in some cases the months are years. This is particularly true of the young man from the East, who delays and spends his money in mining or in ranching. The spell is upon him, the charm stops him half way; he puts off his return East until next year, then the next, until at last he buys a home, and only returns East for the bride and his wedding-journey.

Denver appeals to the man from the East more than any other western city, for the reason that the eastern folk who have settled here are turning Denver into a thoroughly eastern city. We expected to find the people and their customs so different

from those at home. How mistaken we were! The same hospitable, congenial folk we have in Maryland live here in Denver.

They look and act the same; their style of dress is the same. What queer notions one does get of the "wild and woolly West," before one actually comes in contact with it and its people! To us, the most striking things about the city of Denver are its schools and its residences. In eastern cities, great corporations, insurance companies and capitalists erect 10- and 12-story sky-scrapers in every direction, and the private houses tower toward the sky, with the reminder that it costs nothing to build into the air. Here, in Denver, it is so different! There are not only big and handsome buildings—the Mining Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, Brown Palace Hotel, Denver Athletic Club, City Hall, Court House, Equitable Building, McMurtrie Block, Union Depot, State Capitol, Masonic Temple, Kittredge Building, and hosts of others—but there are miles and miles of separate houses of the prettiest architecture.

It is such a pleasure to look at them, no two joined as in the monotonous-looking Baltimore blocks. They are not merged together in solid rows, but stand apart with a little green breathing space between them, each in its turn asserting its own individuality. You look at them, admire and are

pleased, and it is difficult to decide which one you would rather live in. The greater number of these beautiful houses are built of a peculiarly handsome red stone, which is found so plentifully in the Silver State. It is not the red stone that one admires, or which makes the homes so pleasantly conspicuous, but the taste of the owner or the architect, which has turned it to account. It would not be amiss for the eastern architect to come to Denver and take lessons; and certainly it would be wise if some of our eastern cities would adopt this "parking" system, of grass-plot and lawn about their homes, that adds to the beauty, attractiveness and home-like appearance of all the private houses in beautiful Denver, "Queen City of the Plains."

But what of the public schools? They are more like museums of art than school-houses. We found ourselves asking what these handsome buildings are, scattered every few blocks over Denver. Imagine our surprise when told they are schools. "Schools!" we exclaimed, "these massive buildings of stone, granite, red brick, with marble trimmings, of graceful architecture, unique designs, broad, velvety lawns, with beds of flowers and vines, shade-trees and arbors? It cannot be possible that these are schools!" But it is possible; and just as much money and thought are proportionately given to the instruction of the public-

school children as is put upon the school-buildings, for the Denver children of the public schools have every advantage. The best teachers are employed. Their appointment is strictly on their merit, with the most rigid of examinations annually before an examining board. We must not forget to say their pay is the best, for, naturally, good teachers command and demand good pay. Few teachers in Denver receive less than $75 and $80 per month. Superintendents receive $1,800 and $2,000 per year. There are several eastern teachers in the Denver schools. One lady teacher, in popular favor here, is from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and would not think of wasting her time and energy in the discharge of her professional duties, East, for the meagre salary Maryland pays its teachers, when Colorado thinks the laborer worthy of his hire.

There are 47 schools in Denver; four high schools—the East, West, North, and South Denver High Schools; 25 public kindergartens, and several Normal Training schools. The schools all have names, some of which are, The Whittier, Longfellow, Gilpin, Hyde Park, Ebert, Carona, Wyman, Swansea, Columbine (after the Colorado State flower), Emerson, Broadway, Maria Mitchell, Edison, Webster, Louisa M. Alcott School, Garfield, Lincoln, Logan, Franklin, and many others. The teachers are too numerous to count. In the East Denver

High School, alone, there are 27 teachers. When we think of the overcrowded condition of our home school, and the lack of sufficient teachers, and see these schools in plenty here, with all the latest devices and equipments for education, with an abundance of room, and enough teachers, we commiserate Annapolis, and say *a la* Horace Greely, "Come West" young mother and father, with a family to educate, "Come West." You'll not be crowded out here, and you'll get more than your money's worth of education, along with all the rest of the delightful things Colorado affords. So, you see, with all the school advantages, the children of Denver threaten to grow up into a most superior class of young persons. Denver possesses lots of other delightful things that make a city livable, but to us, the public schools and private houses are the most distinctive features. There are many sights to be seen here (of these we shall speak later), but it is well for one to remember, while seeing these sights, that only a little more than a generation ago there was nothing where Denver now stands but cactus, buffalo-grass, wild animals and the red man.

The foot of civilization had not then pressed the arid soil, nor had the magic hand of human genius been laid on a single thing, living or inert. In its rapid growth, amid search for silver and gold, adventure and health, the people here have taken little

time to create things of interest for the traveler, and he sees nothing to astonish him more than the city itself. That he should find, 600 miles west of the Missouri river, beyond the "Great American Desert," a city of 165,000 inhabitants, a city with 300 miles of rapid transit, a city of such beautiful homes and public and business buildings as meet his gaze at every turn, is sufficient to amaze the thoughtful tourist. The work of the magician, who, by the magic touch of his wand, causes flowers to bloom from an empty vase before your eyes, pales before the finer and more magical touch of civilization, which has caused the city of Denver to spring up out of these arid plains, with so many miles of beautiful streets, shaded by grateful foliage lining these sidewalks on every hand, these churches and schools, these banks and wealthy corporations, these palaces of business and public buildings, these lofty theatres and commanding structures, in process of erection. Denver, in all that it is, and all that it promises to be, is more wonderful than mountain or cañon. These were natural; it is preternatural. Denver's parks and gardens, while beautiful, are yet in embryo; its public libraries and museums are in incubation; its Sutros and Licks and Leland Standfords and Enoch Pratts are still busy amassing their wealth, but their latent munificence and benefactions will yet develop with a mag-

nificence so lavish as to amaze the visitor, in future years, to this western metropolis. And this is Denver! Forty years ago, nothing; to-day, a model, modern city of 165,000 people. The first 10 years, a struggle for existence; the second, recognition and candidacy for future greatness. The third decade, railroad building and marvelous industrial development. The end of the forty, proof-positive of vital powers, unconquerable by drought, famine or panic. The fourth decade, a period of growth and advancement despite commercial depression.

One, coming to Denver for the first time, cannot but be impressed with the brightness and newness of everything. Business blocks, residences, parks, public buildings—all have a freshness that is attractive from the start. From a distance, upon the plains, may be seen spires and domes that proclaim Denver's architectural importance. On a near approach, factories, smelters and business blocks loom up and speak eloquently of the beauty and commercial stability of fair Denver, "Queen City of the Plains."

CHAPTER V.

DENVER'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS—HANDSOME AND COSTLY STRUCTURES—THE ELEGANT STATE CAPITOL—ITS HISTORY, RELICS, AND CURIOS—WOMEN POLITICIANS.

Denver has numerous handsome and costly public buildings. Prominent among these is the State Capitol, which occupies fifteen acres, at the brow of Capitol Hill. The building is of Colorado granite, finished on the interior with marble trimmings. It was begun in 1887, and was occupied for the first time in 1895.

When completed it cost $2,550,000. The grounds were presented to the State by Henry C. Brown, one of Denver's pioneers. Colorado is justly proud of her State Capitol building, since it is constructed of her own granite (from the famous Gunnison quarries), which is unsurpassed for beauty and uniformity of color by any in America. The site is most commanding, being a mile above the sea-level, and occupying three entire squares. The view of the city of Denver and the mountain range, extending for 125 miles, from the dome of

the Capitol, is, perhaps, the grandest of anything in the country. The building occupied six years in construction. The architect was Mr. Meyers, of New York, and the architecture is what is known as composite renaissance.

It took us three hours to go through the Capitol. The interior is not yet completed. At the last session of the Legislature, an appropriation sufficient for the completion of the work, was made, and everything is expected to be intact by the next session, 1901. The Capitol grounds are in the shape of an oblong parallelogram, which shape has Masonic significance. The size of the building is 294.4 by 383.11 feet, and it extends 383 feet north and south and 313 feet east and west, and is 256 feet from basement-floor to top of the dome. There are 160 rooms in the building. On the corner-stone is engraved the following: "Erected by the fourth and seventh General Assembly of the State of Colorado, approved, February 11th, 1883, and April 1st, 1889. Board of Capitol Managers, Job A. Cooper, Governor, John L. Routt, Otto Mears, Charles J. Hughes, Benj. F. Crowell, E. E. Meyers, architect; Peter Gumry, superintendent." This last-named gentleman was the owner of the hotel which was blown up by an engine running some of the hotel machinery when hundreds of people were killed—a disaster not soon to be forgotten in Denver.

The exterior of the Capitol is not unlike the Baltimore postoffice, except that it is surmounted with a dome, rather too large in circumference at the base for the height. A statue or ornament of some sort at the apex of the dome would greatly beautify its appearance. The main entrance is on Broadway, and the approach is through beautiful grounds, well kept, and through a gradual incline leading to the magnificent doorway. This is supported by massive granite columns, above which is cut in the stone an array of figures suggestive of Colorado's advantages in the way of agriculture, mining, and so forth. Conspicuous by its absence, and refreshing to the eastern tourist is that *béte noir* of signs "keep off the grass." No such sign is visible; and yet, the grass is the most beautiful stretch of lawn one ever saw anywhere, as green and well kept as one could wish, even though the children are allowed to play on it to their hearts' content. Colorado children, unlike their eastern cousins, do not wonder if there are any signs in Heaven "keep off the grass." At the main entrance, near the street, is a tall flag pole, recently erected by the Sons of the American Revolution, in honor of the Colorado volunteers, who served their country in the late unpleasantness with Spain. On the pole, are brass tablets inscribed with the names of those who died in the service, the date and place of death

of each. The idea is a happy one. Since the return of the First Colorado Volunteers, memorial service has been held about this pole, when 5,000 people were present.

On entering the rotunda, the visitor is struck by the unfinished condition of things. There is a blank space of mortar at the base of all the pillars. It is said, one reason for not completing the work is due to a misunderstanding about the kind of material to be used. The rotunda is very handsome, and the marble trimmings and brass finishings have a pleasing and artistic effect. The visitor usually begins with the basement, and works his way to the dome. Here, in the basement, there is so much to be seen, one could spend several days profitably "looking round." The G. A. R. room contains many curios of interest. Among these, at the entrance are two 12-pound Howitzers, surrendered by Gen. Twiggs, U. S. A., to Gen. McCullough, at San Antonio, Texas, February, 1861. These guns were buried by Gen. Gibber at Albuquerque, New Mexico, in April, 1862, after the defeat of the Confederate forces at the battle of Glaretta. They were recovered, in 1890, and presented to the State of Colorado, having been buried for over 30 years. In the "War Relic" room is Kit Carson's rifle, containing 36 brass nails—one for every Indian killed. Here is also a flint-lock gun, given by France, to

Gen. LaFayette in 1772. There are other flint-lock guns here, one used in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and one in the French and Indian War, afterward in the Revolution. There is a sword here captured from a British officer at the Battle of Saratoga, and one carried by a Continental officer during the Revolution. In the "War Relic" room there is also a flag taken by the South Carolina forces at Fort Sumter, on April 14th, 1861; a war medicine-chest that went with Sherman's army to the sea; uniforms of men of note in those times that tried men's souls; photographs and autographs of Gen. R. E. Lee, and curios of all sorts and descriptions which interest those who have a soft spot in their hearts for the *has beens*.

Another room in the basement of the Capitol is set apart by the Horticultural Society. Here, we saw, in alcohol, the finest specimens of Colorado fruits, exhibits of recent State fairs; cereals for which this State is noted; native bugs, butterflies, *et cetera*, together with specimens of flora of Colorado, the fame of which is broadcast. In this department, are to be seen two handsomely mounted coats of arms of the State. These consist of a Masonic compass, in which the "All-Seeing Eye" is represented. Beneath this, is a battle-axe; then, a shield, the upper portion of which, pictures the beautiful mountains of the State, to the base of

this are suggestively appended a pick and hammer, such as are used in mining. Beneath all is the State's motto, *Nil Sine Numine* (Nothing without God), and the year Colorado, the "Centennial State," was admitted, 1876.

Another room of interest is the State Historical room. This is devoted to a sort of zoological display of Colorado's native animals, handsomely mounted. To gaze upon the number of cases of birds, no two alike, one can scarcely realize that these different species belong to this one State. In an anti-room, is a primitive-looking Mexican cart, clumsily put together, and awkward in appearance. In this department is also to be seen one of the handsomest of saddles, the property of Col. J. H. Leavenworth, for whom the city of that name is christened. He was a member of the Second Regiment, Colorado Volunteers in 1862. The saddle is of a most unique pattern, silver and gold mounted, and is an attractive feature of this department.

There are at this season (September) thousands of tourists in Denver, and the statement was made in one of the morning papers, at this time, that there were 3,000 visitors daily to the State Capitol. Perhaps one of the most interesting departments of the building is the Bureau of Mines. In these rooms is displayed the wealth of Colorado's minerals, most of the specimens having been gathered from

North Table Mountain and Golden. There are also specimens from several of the counties, including Gilpin, El Paso, Gunnison, San Juan and others. Above the huge cases of mineral productions from these counties are large oil-paintings, representing the wealth of vegetation and beauty, for which each county is noted.

In the Bureau of Mines is to be seen the "Colorado Mineral Casket," an exquisite piece of workmanship of silver, gold and copper, and decorated with Colorado gems, among which are the garnet, topaz, turquoise, crystal and moon-stone—the whole being illuminated with tiny incandescent lamps. The casket was in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. There are two collections of minerals, one arranged in flat cases, the other in upright cases. Those in flat cases are arranged for scientific purposes, and are collections made and classified on the Diana authority on mineralogy. In the upper cases, the ores of the various counties are displayed. In one of these is a silver nugget from "Mollie Gibson" mine, Aspen, Colorado, which weighs 397 pounds and is 90 per cent pure silver, and when coined will make 8,512 silver dollars. In another department on the ground floor of the Capitol are to be seen pictures of the "Cliff Dwellers," models of their caves in the rocks and cliffs, their implements of warfare, their cooking

utensils and the Cliff Dwellers themselves, preserved as they have been these hundreds of years—the art of which preservation is lost; and we, of modern times, have not succeeded in regaining it. These mummies of the Cliff Dwellers are in a good state of preservation, and are of men, women and children, and even infants. The outer covering of some of these mummies is a downy coat of feathers. They were all taken from the ruins of Mancos Cañon, Colorado. After leaving the basement of the Capitol, one takes the elevator for the main floor. Here, are located the two Houses—the Senate and General Assembly—together with the Court of Appeals, offices, *et cetera.* Both houses are elegantly, though simply fitted out. There are no "overdone" decorations or hangings, but everything presents a freshly painted and attractive appearance.

There are 65 representatives in the General Assembly of Colorado, and 35 Senators, making the sum total of 100 on joint ballot. Arapahoe county, in which Denver is located, contains one-third of the population of the State, and therefore is entitled to one-third of the representatives in the Legislature. The Legislature, like that of Maryland, convenes once in two years, on the 4th of January, and until the 3rd of April, covering a period of 90 days. The next regular session

meets in 1901, but the Governor has recently called an extra session for this year (1899) to consider some questions of State importance. Women vote in Colorado, hold office and are eligible to the Legislature. At the last session there were three women delegates in the House. There has never been a woman Senator, and in all probability there never will be, although it is possible that some day Colorado may have a woman for governor. The education of the western people tends to universal suffrage, the bulk of the argument in favor of which is, that women are property-holders, and therefore have a right to "a say" in the government of State and municipal affairs. There are, however, two sides to this, as to all other questions. Women will be all right in politics if good women of the State take an interest and vote intelligently, but if the bad women of the opposite class take a hand in political affairs (and they have as much right to vote as the better class) they may be hired by the political wire-puller, as well as the ward-heeler of the male sex. If this be true, woman's influence for the benefit and purification of politics will become null and void.

The House and Senate are similar in design and construction, decorations and fixtures, but the House is two-fifths larger than the Senate. The decorations in both are in shrimp pink and gilt, giv-

ing a mellow glow to the whole effect. The president of the last Senate was Lieutenant-Governor Francis Carney. The Speaker of the House was Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Smith. At the last session of the Legislature here, William Jennings Bryan, the 16 to 1 presidential candidate, was invited to address a joint session of the Senate and House—something a little unusual in the ordinary régime of legislative bodies. There were a number of Baltimore tourists in Denver last winter, during the session of the Legislature. They naturally visited the State Capitol, the Senate and House. Previous to their visit to the House, Speaker Smith vacated the chair, and delegated one of the lady members of that honorable body as Speaker pro tem. The Baltimore party, among whom were several ladies, found, therefore, a woman acting as Speaker of the House. This pleased them immensely, and they carried away with them to their eastern metropolis pleasant memories of the importance of their sex in the political arena of Colorado.

We visited the dome of the Capitol, from which a fine view of the city and mountains can be had. Perhaps the climax of the occasion was our introduction to the Governor, rather unique, to say the least. Descending the Capitol steps, we asked one of our party the name of the Governor of Colorado.

Two gentlemen were directly behind us, and before our friend had time to reply, one of these remarked, "His name is Governor Charles S. Thomas, and this is he (pointing to a gentleman beside him), you may have a good look at him." Of course we turned, "looked" and bowed, murmuring something about being glad to meet Colorado's Governor, and also saying we were from Maryland, and had the pleasure of knowing our popular Governor, Lloyd Lowndes—who, by the way, is not unlike Governor Thomas in appearance and carriage. The Governor bowed graciously and passed on with his friend, who had been the occasion of the novel introduction, and whom we learned was Mr. A. H. Stevenson, a well-known Colorado politician. And we thought, meeting the Governor was not an unfitting ending to the delightful visit to Colorado's handsome State Capitol.

CHAPTER VI.

DENVER'S POSTOFFICE, CITY HALL, COURT HOUSE, CLUBS AND MANY OTHER HANDSOME STRUCTURES BESIDE THE STATE CAPITOL— REMINDERS OF HOME—NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

There are many other costly and handsome buildings in Denver beside its Capitol. The United States Postoffice and Federal Court House is located at the corner of Sixteenth and Arapahoe streets. Its architecture is that usual to most Federal buildings. It is constructed of lava stone, and was completed in 1892. It cost $500,000. The postoffice is rather too small now for the business done here at present. It is well equipped, however, and systematically conducted. Here we see boxes marked "Eastern Mail," "Southern Mail," and so forth, and so forth.

The most interesting thing in the postoffice, to us, was the machine for stamping letters with the date of arrival, or date of leaving the postoffice, as the case may be. The machine is regulated by one man, and stamps 1,000 envelopes per minute.

The Arapahoe County Court House is an imposing building with spacious well-kept grounds, and stands at the corner of Tremont and Sixteenth streets. It is built of Colorado sandstone, and cost with the grounds, $1,200,000. What would Annapolis think of expending such a sum on its Court House, even though its population equaled that of Denver? The City Hall—the municipal headquarters—is situated at Fourteenth and Larimer streets. It is built of undressed limestone, at a cost of $225,000.

The Chamber of Commerce Building is at the corner of Fourteenth and Lawrence streets. It is built of undressed lava stone with red sandstone trimmings, and cost $200,000. In this building are the city library and public reading-rooms. There are 31,000 volumes in the library here. The Union Exchange, somewhat in the nature of a public building, is the handsome eight-story structure at Arapahoe and Fifteenth streets. It is the home of the mining-stock market in Denver. It was completed in 1890, and cost, with grounds, $400,000. The material is red pressed brick, sandstone and terra cotta trimmings. Next to the public buildings, Denver's business blocks are most impressive. While not distinguished for "sky-scraping" or "rookery" blocks, there are several eight- and nine-story buildings, some of which have been in-

cluded in magazine articles as among the large and attractive buildings of the country.

The Equitable Building leads. It is nine stories high, of white tile-brick and granite, with elaborately carved decorations, and cost $1,400,000. The Boston Block at Seventeenth and Champa streets is of dressed brown stone and cost $425,000. Other imposing blocks are the Ernest & Cranmer, McPhee Building, Jackson, Kittredge, McMurtrie, Masonic Temple, People's Bank and Railroad Building; the last two partaking of the nature of "sky-scrapers."

The social side of life is highly cultivated and encouraged in the "Queen City of the Plains." In looking through the city directory, we find there are more than one hundred active social, literary, musical and educational clubs in existence. These do not include church or semi-philanthropic organizations. Further and ample evidence of the development of this phase of life was given when the local clubs entertained the delegates to the National Federation of Woman's Clubs here in 1898.

The club buildings are equal to the best of any city. Among these we might mention the Denver Club, a massive red- and lava-stone structure, which cost $350,000; the Denver Athletic Club, which is one of the finest in the country, and which

has a membership of 1,000. The building and equipment cost $225,000. Beside these, there are the University Club, the Progress Club (Jewish), the Woman's Club, and others. Denver boasts of one of the best hotels in the United States, the Brown Palace. It is a magnificent building, ten stories high, finished off in onyx on the office floor, with grand mantle, and stairway with harmonious finishings from the first to the tenth floor. Its style of architecture is the Italian Renaissance, its form is triangular, having a frontage of 810 feet on the three avenues, and it is constructed of beautiful Arizona brown sandstone.

Denver, like Baltimore, is also a church city. There are 121 church organizations in the city. Almost every denomination extant in the country is here represented. Besides Swedish churches, there are several bodies in which sermons are delivered in foreign languages. One encouraging feature of church life in Denver is the large number of small churches, well distributed over the city. No one need to go far to find a congenial house of worship. A new rule for the construction of these churches is that they be provided with cutlery and other equipment for church banquets, socials, and the like.

Denver has several finely equipped and up-to-date hospitals, elegant theatres and summer-gar-

den operas, among which latter is the famous Elitch's Gardens. City Park is Denver's most prominent park, although there are several here. This one is at the eastern boundary of the city, and contains 320 acres. It is highly improved, having speed-tracks, bicycle-course, green-house, lakes, zoological garden, pleasant driveways, handsome statuary and a handsome and unique arrangement of flowers in various designs and coloring. Public concerts are given here in summer and early fall, and oftentimes excellent entertainments.

Denver has five national banks, one large trust and deposit company, four private banks, six savings banks and twenty-six building and loan associations.

Outside of Washington, no city can boast of a brighter, cleaner appearance than Denver. The police and municipal regulations are of exceptional merit. The streets are paved with asphalt, and with constant sweeping and occasional washing, are kept in a cleanly condition. Electric lighting extends into the remotest suburbs.

The excellence of the street-car service is evidenced by the capacity for handling large crowds speedily and safely. 50,000 people are often carried and deposited at City Park each hour.

The fire departments are splendid in equipment and discipline, and with all these, together with

good water, Denver can answer all the requirements of a modern and a model city.

Beside being a good place in which to live, Denver has exceptional commercial opportunities. Her geographical position argues well for her commercial powers for all time to come. Some one has said the four great cities of the continent are New York, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco. This city does a jobbing business of $50,000,000 a year; its bank clearings average $140,000,000 annually; manufacturers, $20,000,000 annually. It has three smelters, the operations of which extend into every ore-producing district from Old Mexico to British Columbia. Recognizing the fact that Denver is the eastern gateway of the great gold-producing districts of Colorado and the whole Rocky Mountain region, the United States government is now building here a coinage mint, to cost $500,000, and which will furnish local employment to a large number of people. The new coinage mint will inevitably be a Government Sub-Treasury, and will, in all probability, result in Denver having a disbursing office of pensions.

Such a coinage mint must necessarily, have a very marked effect on Denver as a financial centre. Denver stands unrivaled in either hemisphere for its combination of advantages as a place of residence, as a field for investment, as a place of unusually

rapid but solid growth, as a smelting centre, as a city with unlimited and varied undeveloped resources at its back, as an increasing manufacturing-centre, as a cosmopolitan, energetic and enterprising community; while its past history, present position and certain future prospects undoubtedly destine it to eventually be one of the four great cities of the United States.

The world is not so large after all. To our great surprise and pleasure, while making a call in Denver, we saw a pencil-sketch in the library of one of Denver's prominent residents, which attracted our attention. On close inspection it proved to be a drawing of "Larkins' Hill" the residence of James Boyle, Esq., of Anne Arundel county, Maryland, drawn by Seaton O'Donoho, August 25th, 1869. We felt as if we should like to embrace that pencil-sketch, as it was the first Maryland object we had seen since saying good-bye to Annapolis.

One unique arrangement, of which every tourist takes advantage in Denver, is the "Seeing Denver and Learning Colorado" car. This is a privileged car and runs on all the lines, making no stops but at the hotel corners advertised to take on passengers. For 25 cents one gets a two-hours ride; and the guide on the car points out and explains all objects of interest and prominence in the city. The idea is a happy one for tourists passing through the

city, with only a few hours to spare for train-connection, and its advantage is appreciated. The "Seeing Denver" car is always crowded.

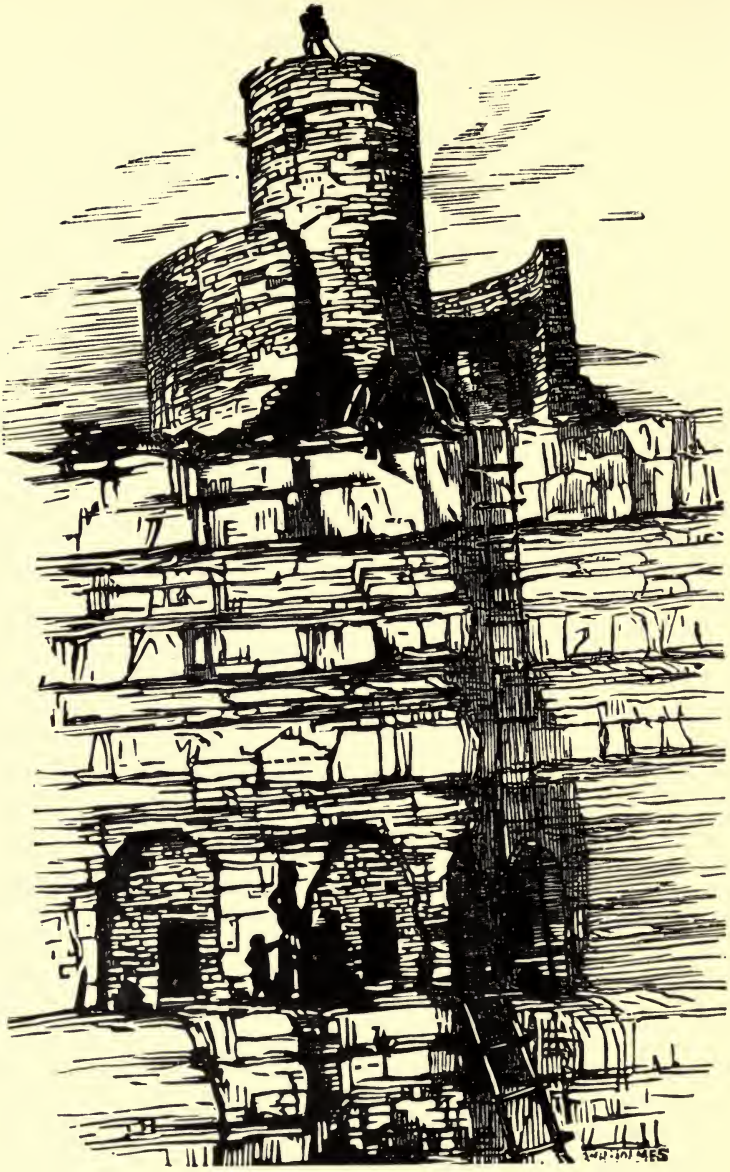
Do you dislike rain, mud and the accompanying unpleasantness? Come to Denver. Here, the sun shines some part of the day, 356 days out of every 365. We were in Denver two months. In that time it rained three times only, and an umbrella was of little use. "But," you say, "what about the crops? They need water!" Yes, they do, and they get it. Irrigating ditches are everywhere. People out here let nothing stand in their way toward successful accomplishment of their best interests. They dig ditches, fill them with water from brooks and streams, and irrigate their land. It is work, but they don't mind it. Everybody works and seems to enjoy it, too.

There are several fine breweries here in Denver, which the average sight-seer takes in along with all the rest. One of these is the Rocky Mountain Brewery, the proprietor of which is P. H. Zang. The brewing of beer here is said to have stirred up more excitement than Luther did at the Diet of Worms. We saw here that beer is fearfully and wonderfully made. This particular brand is said to be the acme of brewing perfection, and makes connoisseurs, when drinking it, long for a rubber neck as long as a section of a garden hose. We cannot

vouch for this, as we, individually and collectively, have signed the pledge, and wear the white ribbon. However, this beer is said to represent the complete possibilities of malt, money and brains.

We also visited the famous Kuner canning and pickling factory—a sight well worth seeing. All kinds of canned goods are put up here; and the process involved is interesting and instructive. There are 150 employees in the canning and 60 in the pickling department. Everything used is made in the factory—even the boxes in which the cans are packed. One man makes 300 boxes per day. The most unique arrangement is the machine that pastes the labels on the cans. How much there is to be seen and learned, one does not realize until one gets out and rubs his shoulders against the outside world.

Some one has said, "As we journey through life, let us live by the way," and so they do, here in Denver, "Queen City of the Plains," the Mecca of the health-seeker, where the pure light air, free from disease germs, is a healing fount which restores him to health and vitality.



CLIFF-DWELLERS, MANCOS CAÑON.

CHAPTER VII.

COLORADO—"THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA"—ITS EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT—ITS SCENERY EXCELS THAT OF ALL EUROPE.

Colorado has been properly named. It is a word of Spanish origin and means red or colored, probably because of the red or ruddy-colored sandstone prevalent throughout the State. Colorado has inspired as much sentiment as any of the older States; and Pike's Peak stands in poem, picture and romance as well as Plymouth Rock.

There is reason, after all, for this. The story of a gold-camp, with its dramatic movement, tragic tints of color, and episodes of humor and pathos, makes strong material for history; and the narrative of the struggles and triumphs of those pioneers, who sat down before the mountain walls to build a State, is beyond romance and partakes of the heroic. The early settlers were "cliff-dwellers," and on the Rio Mancos, their houses may still be seen. They are thought to be the descendants of the ancient Aztecs. In time, the cliff-dwellers gave way to the Mexicans, leaving no history of themselves

save these swallow-like homes in the mountains and cliffs.

The Spanish were the next to invade and explore Colorado. They were seekers for gold, and dreamers of wealth. The Spanish and the Indians possessed the country and married and intermarried and swindled and traded to their mutual satisfaction. There were no other invaders for perhaps a couple of centuries, and the people had a long rest from exploring expeditions. Colorado, it will be remembered, was a part of the "Louisiana Purchase" in 1803, and three years later, Captain Zebulon Pike, while exploring the valleys of Arkansas, coming north, discovered the famous mountain peak that now bears his name.

Colorado, alone, equals in area the whole of New England and the State of New York put together, and has greater and more varied resources than any State in the Union. Colorado has been aptly termed "The Switzerland of America."

The Alps have long since become the synonym for grandeur, but they cannot rival these grand old Rockies, with their sublime magnificence. Were the glamour of romance and the tendrils of tradition cast and twined about the Rockies, as they have been about the Alps, or were the Alpine heights stripped of their legendary lore, and the magnificence of both measured with unbiased mind,

TUNNEL No. 3.

then and only then, could a just comparison be made. Many tourists who have beheld both the Alps, and the Rockies of Colorado, assured us that the variety of scenery and grandeur of our own home mountains, surpassed that of Switzerland. We, therefore, commiserate those of our countrymen and women who go abroad for scenery, without having beheld the grandeur of Colorado—the land of color, the land of fame, the land of startling variety. Monotony, here, is an unknown quantity; beauty is present everywhere; while grandeur greets the reverent eyes of all who traverse the fastnesses of these Rocky Mountains, these everlasting hills, that tower with their snow-capped lofty tips as though to pierce the sun-illumined vault of heaven.

Colorado is indeed the land of sunshine. The Weather Bureau reports show an average of 357 sunshiny days per year, covering a period of 20 years. Sunshine means health, and health is to be found in Colorado. Humidity, which is all-prevailing in Maryland, in Colorado is unknown. Official observation for 22 years shows an average of 49.64 per cent of saturation in Colorado, while in New York the average humidity is 71 per cent. We don't know what it is in Maryland, but you may compare your per cent of saturation in the last 22 years with that of Colorado.

The altitude of this State naturally carries with it a crisp, electric atmosphere, through which the warm sun shines with slight loss. The climate of this State is almost a perfect specific for pulmonary troubles. One can live an out-of-door life here the whole year round, because the cold of winter, like the heat of summer, is tempered by the rarefied air. Extreme cold weather is rarely known here, and there is little snow and practically no sleighing. The light snows they have here occur between sundown and sunrise, and disappear under the glowing morning sun.

Next to climate, Colorado excels the world in scenery. No pen can portray, no brush can picture, no words describe the majestic grandeur of the Rockies. Colorado possesses 155 mountain peaks, rising beyond 13,500 feet of altitude, or more than ten times as many as there are in Europe. Colorado's 104,500 square miles are broken up into majestic wonders of mountain and plains, of glens and cañons, of waterfalls and lakes, of caverns and peaks. Mineral springs abound here, and the noted waters of France, Austria, Switzerland and Germany are fast surrendering their reputation to those of Colorado waters. Scenery, altitude, sunshine and climate, therefore, constitute the factors which are making Colorado the health and pleasure grounds of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIGHTS AND SCENES ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD—THE FAMOUS LOOP ON A BENDER.

Grand Junction and its Fruit.

The mid-continent region traversed by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, possesses without doubt, the most magnificent scenery in the world. It was our good fortune while sojourning in Colorado, to take some of these trips on the Denver and Rio Grande, "The Scenic Line of the World." This road is splendidly equipped, and the tourist or pleasure-seeker secures every comfort while traveling on the famous "Scenic Line," which is as essential to Colorado as the great distributing, life-spreading artery is to the never-resting pulsating heart.

In the land of wonders and surprises, of contrasts, sharp and wonderful, to which there is said to be no comparison on the other side of the "big pond," it would be simply impossible to touch even lightly on the sights and scenes, on the wonders and panoramic pictures our eyes have feasted upon

in this enchanted land. In our feeble way, however, we shall endeavor to briefly mention some of the picturesque beauties of Colorado that have been immortalized in song, that we may further assist the imaginations of those who have not beheld these scenes, and refresh the memories of those who have beheld them.

One of the first trips to be taken out of Denver and over the mountains, is usually that to the far-famed "Loop," the most wonderful piece of engineering in the country. The road here is certainly "on a bender." The trip is made over the Colorado Southern Railroad. Leaving Denver, the road follows the mountains, those magnificent specimens of God's handiwork, sublime in their grandeur. Following the mountains, the railroad curves in and out, now to the right, now to the left, the engine being in sight of the rear coach most of the time. The Rockies jut out here and there, until one can almost touch them from either side of the train. Here and there appears a formation of rock, similar in form and construction to the human face. Then we pass through huge rocks, meeting overhead, and styled the "Gateway." Flowers peep between rocks and boulders; and here and there a patch of snow can be seen glistening in the sunlight on the tops of the loftiest peaks. The mountain streams rush on over the boulders and

OPHIR LOOP.

massive rocks, tearing madly on in their reckless course down the mountain side. Ever and anon, a cloud envelops the higher peaks, until they seem to be swallowed up into the heavens. The grandeur of it all is sublime, and one "looks through nature up to nature's God."

Finally, we come to Central City, or Idaho Springs. Here, a stop is made, and we then continue on to the road's terminus at Silver Plume, 9,476 feet above sea-level. It is vain to attempt to describe the magnificence of the view of the surrounding country. Mountains to the right of us, mountains to the left of us, mountains in front of us, towered in all their majestic splendor. It was indeed grand. None of the beauty of scenery was lost on the return-trip. The magnificent doublings and twistings of the road over the mountains, which has been christened the "Georgetown Loop," could be seen to better advantage on the return-trip. Pictures of this have not in the least been exaggerated, and the construction of the road is a piece of wonderful engineering and an evidence of human skill and ingenuity.

When beholding the mountains we exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" when beholding this serpentine curve cut out of the rocks, a mere shelf on the edge of which trains run and carry human freight safely to an altitude of 9,000 feet, we ex-

claimed, "What hath man wrought!" On the return-trip we had the novel experience of being between two storms in the mountains—one back of us and one in front of us. We had the benefit of their grandeur and awfulness without the unpleasant experience of being caught in either of them. Everybody who is anybody, and who comes to Denver takes the trip around the "Loop." The trains are always crowded, and, as the trip is made especially for the scenery, the trains are made up of observation-coaches, all of which are filled. Each trip one takes out of Denver and over the scenic lines of the West, he thinks grander, and more grand than its predecessor. Another trip, famous for its scenery and which tourists and pleasure-seekers delight in and enthuse over is the one to Grand Junction, over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, part of which trip is made over narrow-gauge and part over broad-gauge system.

The narrow-gauge system of Colorado, with its thousands of miles of road running across plains, through cañons and over snow-capped mountains, has been the wonder of the engineering world for some years past; while the small but powerful locomotives have been viewed by thousands with surprise and admiration. The train for Grand Junction leaves Denver at 9.45 p. m., over the narrow-gauge, and everybody on the Pullman "Ouray"

APPROACH TO THE BLACK CAÑON.

proceeds to "turn in" shortly after leaving the city. For one, to whom the curves and twists through the gorges and cañons is yet a novel experience, there is little sleep in store. He holds on like grim death, for fear of being bounced out on the floor. He says his prayers over and over, lest he close his eyes and wake up—he doesn't know where. He trembles and shakes, lest his upstairs-neighbor cave in on him, or roll out of his elevated couch with a dull thud on the floor at his side. He tortures himself with all sorts of foolish fears and imaginations until morning dawns, and he rises, to see the sun do likewise, and then wants to stick a hat-pin in himself for having been such a blasted fool, and not knowing that he was only winding in and out Royal Gorge or Grand Cañon, or some other old place, and not going on a straight line as though he were on the Baltimore and Ohio, going over to Washington from Annapolis.

What a beautiful sunrise! The air was keen and crisp. We sat on the rear platform, and took in the scenery. And such scenery! Variety is the striking feature of Colorado scenery. Cañons, peaks and passes awe the beholder with their grandeur. Lakes abound, whose mirrors reflect the peaceful arching skies above; hundreds of them unhonored and unsung, but others enshrined in the hearts of the lovers of the beautiful.

On this trip one sees the vast plains extending to the far horizon's rim, the grand old mountains climbing in splintered pinnacles to the very zenith; cañons, which awe one with their abysmal depths; valleys of Arcadian loveliness; rivers, the waters of which sweep on with tumultuous force; brooks of crystal cleanness; dancing waterfalls, with filmy veil festooned with fringes of dew-drops, sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight; flowers blooming amidst eternal snows; foliage tinted with the touch of frost—all this symphony of grandeur awes the soul with a haunting beauty that once seen can never be forgotten.

We were told that breakfast would not be until we reached Sargent, at 9.30, so we drank in the mountain air (which was not very filling, to say the least, to any empty stomach), and we were not in a condition calculated to profit the hotel, at which we were preparing to do ample justice to breakfast when the time came. Our first morning stop was made at Salida, at 6.10. Salida is 217 miles from Denver and is the centre of four divisions of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. From here, the lines radiate in all directions. Passing a number of unimportant stations, we reached the famous Marshall Pass at 7.55 a. m. The Pass has an altitude of 10,856 feet. From this point, a magnificent view can be had of the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ), range extending to the southeast.

MARSHALL PASS--WESTERN SLOPE.

The Pass is a scenic and scientific wonder. Grades of 212 feet to a mile are frequent, and the ascent and descent are made by a series of most remarkable curves. The streams from the summit flow eastward into the Atlantic ocean, and westward into the Pacific ocean. We climbed the tower and had an unobstructed view of miles of cone-shaped summits, the timberless tops of the towering ranges showing us that we were among the heights, and in a region familiar with the clouds. Stretching away to the left are the Sierras. The sunlight falls with a white, transfiguring radiance upon the snow-capped spires of the Sangre de Cristo range, until clouds and sky and snow peaks co-mingle, forming a vague bewildering region. We wonder at the triumphs of engineering skill that have given the traveler the benefit of gazing with mingled awe and admiration at the stupendous grandeur of such a scene.

Sargent is reached at 9.30, where we had twenty minutes for breakfast, not enough time to satisfy our appetites, whetted by mountain air. Gunnison, on the Gunnison river, 291 miles from Denver, is next reached. This is a mining town of great importance, and a splendid location for fishing. The next place of importance is Lake City, 35 miles from Sapaniero. To reach this interesting point, the traveler traverses the entire length of the Lake

Fork Cañon, one of the most magnificent of the Rocky Mountain cañons. Within three miles of Lake City is the beautiful Lake San Cristoval, formed by an immense mountain slide ages ago, and now probably the most beautiful body of water in the Rocky Mountains. We now approach the Black Cañon, and here the observation-car is put on. The Black Cañon is 25 miles west of Gunnison. Along many miles of this grand gorge, the railroad hangs upon a shelf, hewn out of living rock, which rises frequently to an altitude of 2,000 feet.

The Black Cañon is 16 miles in length and abounds in innumerable striking features. Great walls of rock rise on either side. One looks up between them at the blue dome of heaven above with a feeling of awe. The mountain stream, pure and limpid, rushes and gurgles to the right. The rocks jut out here and there, and immense boulders rest on the merest ledge, as though ready to crush down with gigantic force into the abysmal chasm beneath. About midway in the cañon, Chippeta Falls pitches, down a perpendicular height of hundreds of feet, from the top of dizzy cliffs, the stream of liquid crystal to the bosom of the sparkling river which dashes on beside the road. Further on, a spacious amphitheatre is passed, in the centre of which, solitary and alone, stands Curre-

CURRECANTI NEEDLE.

canti Needle, a towering monument of solid stone, which reaches to where it flaunts the clouds like some great cathedral spire. Truly, there is no place so beautiful, so awful, so sublime in all the world as the Black Cañon, the scenery of which is kaleidoscopic, ever-changing; walls of which are so close together that, for most of the distance through the cañon, only a streak of sky, sometimes in broad daylight spangled with stars, can be seen above.

Our feeling, when beholding all this sublime grandeur, was that we loved the whole world, and wished that part of the people most dear to us could see with us all this stupendous magnificence. If there be any egotism in one (and there is in most of us), these grand and glorious mountains, this scenery of Colorado, is the place to take it all out of him. We shall never feel our importance again. Since beholding the Black Cañon we are conscious that we are the least of God's creation, a mere pigmy, an ant, a grasshopper, a protoplasm—so great, so grand, so sublime are these huge mountains, the wonderful handiwork of the Creator of all things, who centuries and ages ago called into existence these towers of rock, pointing upward toward heaven, the home of the redeemed and the blest.

How long have they stood there as monuments

to the Great First Cause of all things? How long will they stand with their lofty spires reminding us of Him to whom we owe fealty? What rich treasures are buried in the secret recesses of their hearts, treasures awaiting coming generations yet unborn? These thoughts come crowding with hundreds of others upon one as he reverently beholds God's handiwork.

Here, in the Black Cañon, every mood of man finds an answering mood in Nature. The little mountain stream smiles with gentle contentment, the waterfall dances with jocund glee, the torrent rages with savage fury in its wild chase through its rocky channel, the cañon frowns with somber gloom, the mountains gaze with majesty over all.

Leaving here, we begin to make the ascent of Cerro Summit. From here, the Uncompahgre Valley, its river, and the distant picturesque peaks of the San Juan are in sight of the traveler.

After passing Montrose, 353 miles from Denver, a fine view of the Uncompahgre Mountains, extending to the southwest can be obtained. Uncompahgre Peak, the monarch of the range, rises to an altitude of 14,419 feet. Beyond Delta, and after traversing rich farming lands of the Gunnison Valley, the road passes through lower Gunnison Valley, which also abounds in strikingly beautiful scenery. It is now about 3 o'clock in the after-

CHIPETA FALLS, IN THE BLACK CAÑON.

noon. The scenery has so filled us with awe and reverence that we are glad to descend from the heights, and look upon the plain fields and surroundings of every-day life.

Grand Junction, the famous peach district, is reached at 5.30 p. m. Here we have a two hours' wait, and take advantage of the time by visiting the fruit farms, and sampling the delicious variety of luscious peaches presented in baskets to each traveler holding a coupon for same, which was given him with his railroad-ticket. Anne Arundel has—lo, these many years!—been famous for its fruit and vegetables, but Anne Arundel (with all due respect to our native heath) is not "in it" (to use vulgar parlance) with Grand Junction. Her peaches taste all the way from the fuzz on the skin to the stone. They are of the most delightful flavor, large and luscious. A Grand Junction peach has an individuality all its own, and no other peach can presume to "light a candle" to it.

There are other fruits here beside peaches. There are pears, plums, canteloupes, apricots, and so forth, all of the finest variety. The fruit-growers at Grand Junction have the art of cultivating fruit down to fine points, beside having the locality, which is altogether favorable. Hemmed in by mountains, protected from the cold blasts of winter, with but little frosts, a bright warm sun the year

round, rich and fertile soil, what is there to prevent the fruitful production which results therefrom? Last season, we have been told, the Denver and Rio Grande Express shipped 600 tons of peaches from Grand Junction; and in strawberry-season, these luscious berries are shipped by the car-load. One potato grown here is oftentimes sufficient for a family dinner, and you need not wonder at this or think the family is a very small one, when we tell you we have been informed, authentically, by a gentleman who saw one, that white potatoes grow 18 inches in length in the neighborhood of Grand Junction and Glenwood Springs (of which place we shall speak later).

Grand Junction and her delicious fruit are synonymous, and there never were, nor ever will be, any peaches like Grand Junction peaches. Leaving the famous fruit district, we embarked for Glenwood Springs, which is reached at 10.30 p. m. Here we spent the night at Hotel Colorado, one of the finest equipped and handsomest hotels in the country. It is built of peach-blow colored stone and Roman brick, and cost $350,000. It extends around three sides of a large court 124 feet square. This is terraced and adorned with fountains, grass-plats, paths, and beds of flowers, affording a delightful promenade, and commanding lovely views. Broad corridors and verandas surround the court.

ROYAL GORGE.

The hotel is built in the Italian style, the Villa Medicas in Rome having given inspiration for the central motive, which consists of two towers, with connecting loggias, offering fine outlooks over mountain, river and valley. There is accommodation for 300 guests. In the morning, we took a walk through the picturesque arbor to the bathing-pool and boiling springs, the mineral properties of which are famous. The analysis of one of the springs, "Yampah," proves the efficacy of its healing properties, and that it contains more medicinal properties than the Kissengen Springs in Bavaria.

The temperature of the Spring water is 124 degrees Fahrenheit. The "Yampah" flows 2,000 gallons per minute. There is but one word to describe Glenwood Springs, "The Kissengen of America"—Wonderful. It is an Eden, a paradise. Imagine, if you can, a river winding between granite walls, so lofty that their shadows subdue the sunshine into a "dim, religious light." These waters —of Colorado's largest river, fitly named, Grand— chant in melodious tones a hymn to Nature, as they proudly journey down the western slope to wed that peaceful ocean, whose azure waves toy with the shores of Golden Gate; now smooth and murmuring, now dark and angry, rushing at great rocks that lie in their pathway, roaring defiance at the adamantine obstructions, forming with the

shifting scenery a living kaleidoscope, ever changing, now soothing with a pleasant dream, and now exciting the mind with wonder and with awe. These are the departing scenes as we leave Glenwood on the return-trip, passing into a tunnel through a mighty mountain to the "Gates" of the Cañon of the Grand river.

We reach what is called "The Portals." On each side, the walls rise to a height of 2,000 feet, the river and the railroad fill the space between, while a great monolith, to the left of the track, stands isolated and rises like a watch-tower to guard "The Portals."

We are now "within the gates," the picturesque approach to the Grand river. The road curves around a huge cliff to the left, while to the right are the river and the perpendicular walls of the cañon. The scene, the portrayal of which is beyond human ken, beggars description.

West of Red Cliff, and 304 miles from Denver, we reach Eagle Cañon. This is a remarkable gorge, not only wondrous for its works of nature, but for the wonders of human skill and handiwork. For here the sides and summit of the cañon are made the resting-places of shaft-houses, and dwellings of miners, elevated 2,000 feet above the track, and reminding one of the eyries of eagles. This cañon is a rich mining region, of which, Battle

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS, ALONG THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD, COLORADO.

Mountain is the centre. Just beyond this, the railroad enters Red Cliff Cañon, a comparatively short, but very interesting gorge in the mountains.

Leaving here, just as the train rounds the curve, one sees the Mount of Holy Cross. This famous mountain bears a cross of snow upon its bosom, formed by deposits in an upright and transverse cañon. The upright of the cross is about 1,500 feet, and the arms about 750 feet in length. The elevation of the mountain is about 14,176 feet.

Eleven miles before reaching Leadville, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad scales the Continental Divide, at the altitude of 10,418 feet. This is called Tennessee Pass. Thirteen miles from Leadville, on the Blue river, is Fremont Pass, the highest railroad pass in the world, the elevation being 11,540 feet. Here, we had a view of Grand Mountain.

As we approach Leadville we see to the west a remarkable mountain called Mount Massive, rising to an altitude of 14,368 feet. Leadville is a great mining-camp and has a population of 15,000. Its elevation is 10,200 feet, and it is the highest city in the world. Buena Vista is the next stop. It is a city of considerable importance, and is noted for its cottonwood hot springs. The State reformatory is also located here. It is a handsome building of Colorado stone, and surrounded with beautiful grounds.

We now reach Brown's Cañon, a small but very attractive cañon, flowing through which is the Arkansas river. Not far from here we have a view of three imposing peaks called Collegiate Peaks, named for Harvard, Princeton and Yale.

We soon reach the Royal Gorge, the crowning wonder of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. What can we say of this? No expletives can we call up by word or pen that will picture the grandeur of this magnificent monument to the omnipotence of an all-wise Creator. After the entrance of the cañon has been made, surprise and almost terror comes. The train rolls round a long curve close under a wall of black and banded granite, beside which the ponderous locomotive shrinks to a mere dot, as if swinging on some pivot in the heart of the mountain, or captured by a centripetal force that would never resign its grasp. Almost a whole circle is accomplished, and the grand amphitheatrical sweep of the wall is made in its smooth and zenith-cutting façade. Will the journey end here? Is it a mistake that this crevice goes through the range? Does not all this mad water gush from some spring, or boil out of a subterranean channel, impenetrable to us? No, it opens.

Resisting centripetal, centrifugal force claims the train, and it breaks away at a tangent, past the edge or round the corner of the great black wall which

FREMONT PASS--HEADWATERS OF THE ARKANSAS.

compelled its détour and that of the river before it. Now, what glories of rock-piling confront the wide-distended eye! How those sharp-edged cliffs, standing with upright heads that play at hand-ball with the clouds, alternate with one another, so that first the right then the left, then the right one beyond strike our view, each one half obscured by its fellow in front, each showing itself level-browed with its comrades as we come even with it, each a score of hundreds of dizzy feet in height, rising perpendicular from the water and the track, splintered atop into airy pinnacles, braced behind against the almost continental mass, through which the chasm has been cleft. And this is Royal Gorge!

There is not a whit of egotism in us now, we are even smaller than the ant, a mere animalcule. The Royal Gorge is indeed the climax of grandeur. The shades of night are falling, and the exquisite scenery is shut in by the drapery of nightfall, pinned back here and there by the stars. We begrudge the veil of darkness which obscures the view, every inch of which we have thoroughly enjoyed, and over which we are naturally enthused. There was no monotony about it all, for the scene was an ever-changing one, with mountain, river, gorge, cañon, and now and then ranches, log-huts and mining-camps looming up along the road, not to mention the foliage, great green and red patches

of which, interspersed with yellow, dotted the mountain sides.

The trip to Grand Junction is too grand for mere description. One had as well try to make a deaf person appreciate the deathless harmonies of Wagner or Lange, as to attempt to depict with word or pen the beauties with which nature has endowed Colorado. The colored porter's description is as eloquent as any we can think of: "Yes, indeedy Miss, nachuh has sho'ly been heah, an' she's heah yet."

CHAPTER IX.

COLORADO SPRINGS AND MANITOU—"THE SARATOGA OF THE WEST"—PIKE'S PEAK—"THE GEM OF THE ROCKIES."

One of the cities of the far-famed Pike's Peak region is Colorado Springs. It is a city of 20,000 inhabitants, and is a popular summer resort. Here, one may enjoy all the comforts of life together with conveniences, and a large share of pleasure the modern city affords, not to mention abundance of Colorado air, sunshine and scenery.

Driving through the city, one sees the elegant and costly mansion along with the cosy home-like cottage. Its streets are broad and bordered on either side by shade trees, which effect is very pleasing. Its hotels are metropolitan of size and appointment, its business houses, stores, churches and schools, and clubs are imposing structures, thoroughly equipped, costly and up to date.

Here, some of the most influential business men of the State reside. Colorado Springs is the seat of the Colorado College. It is strictly a temperance town, and for once we were in a city of 20,000

inhabitants where there is not a single saloon. The absence of these prominent exponents of other cities is at once apparent to the visitor, and refreshingly unique. The society of the place is charming.

One meets the most delightful people, highly cultured and much-traveled residents, together with numerous tourists from Old Glory's domain and across the "big pond." The environments of Colorado Springs are great in number and variety of scenic wonders. Besides having superb roads and boulevards, there are several lines of electric railways leading to the great Cheyenne Cañons, to Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, and to other points of supreme interest.

Here, the matchless panorama of the Pike's Peak Range for 20 miles from north to south, is ever in view, notching the sky in splendid serrations, and dominated midway by the great peak itself.

Everybody who visits Colorado Springs visits the famous Broadmoor Casino. It lies at the foot of the mountains, and possesses attractions, as notable in its way, as they do. It is modeled after the famous German and Italian casinos, and is a veritable temple of pleasure, perfect in its every appointment.

Colorado Springs has a climate that attracts the

health-seeker. Here is located the State Blind Institution, a handsome granite and red-brick building, well equipped for the instruction of those unfortunates to whom the sights and scenes of this lovely State are lost forever. It was the good pleasure of the writer to visit this institution, and to be conducted through the buildings by a bright lad of seventeen years, who, with his hands in his pockets, walked from room to room, telling us what was taught here and there.

We asked him how he could get about without the use of his hands or a cane to locate his whereabouts. His reply was: "If you had been here seven or eight years, as I have, I presume you could do the same, even though totally blind." We went into the room where geography is taught, and around the walls of which were raised maps. We asked him to tell us some of the continents and islands. By touching them he correctly told without the slightest hesitation. One little blind boy of ten years played "Georgia Camp-meeting" for us, as well as anyone with sight could. It is wonderful to see these children, some of whom are deaf and dumb as well as blind, play at ball and other games, during recreation hour, happy though so sorely afflicted.

The Printers' Home is also located at Colorado Springs. It is another handsome building, and

here a number of sick and disabled printers, many of whom are victims of tuberculosis, are seeking health. They are from almost every State in the Union, and quite a number from Washington, who formerly worked in the Government Printing Office in that city.

One never visits Colorado Springs without seeing Cheyenne Cañon—the North and the South Cheyenne; the latter, though not so long as the former, is superb, and is owned by two young men, who inherited it from their father, he having purchased the land as a homestead and developed and improved it. To-day, it is a veritable gold-mine for these two boys, who charge an admission of 25 cents to the cañon. So often have we used the expletives "grand, sublime, magnificent" in describing Colorado scenery that they have long since become trite. Indeed, there are no words to describe the works of God and nature here.

Words are inadequate for description, and one word must express all—Wonderful. In going through North Cheyenne Cañon, we observed the rock-formations on either side, to which names have been ascribed. We passed Longfellow's Monument, a massive pinnacle of rock towering toward the sky, standing isolated from others of its kind, fit emblem to honor the memory of the poet laureate for whom it is named. Next arose before

us, Prospect Dome, an imposing spire of 125 feet. Then, the Pillars of Hercules loomed up in our pathway, two companion rocks 800 feet high. The torrent rushed by us, the queer and curious foundations of rock loomed up ever and anon; the scenery continued to awe and inspire us as we climbed up, up, up to the end of North Cheyenne Cañon, where there are entrances to three mines of former days, which, gay and alluring in their deceptiveness, won man's confidence to their inmost hearts, and then cast him off to seek more remunerative creatures of their kind. We went into these shafts part-way, then, retracing our steps through North Cheyenne Cañon, we proceeded to visit South Cheyenne Cañon, a most picturesque and awe-inspiring spot.

Here are massive walls of richly covered granite, rising from murmuring streams, almost perpendicular to the sky above. Their bold and rugged cliffs are split and broken by the never-ending battle with the elements. Their lofty domes and towers stand alone and unsupported after centuries of upheaval and commotion, inconceivable to man.

The lonely brook, with its crystal waters, winds in and out in the deeply wooded recesses of the mountains, and, with melodious murmur, glides over the mossy logs and boulders strewn in its path, beneath ferns and bushes arched above it.

Now it passes through the solitary glen, now under the shadow of the gray old trees, the keepers of the secrets of the ages past, where the tourist may find undisturbed communion with Nature. The cañon is covered with moss and filled with flowers of every tint and hue, ladening the air with sweetest perfume.

As one enters South Cheyenne Cañon, he beholds a great cleft in the granite monument, as though some mighty hand had split and welded it, that one might enter and behold the wondrous works of time within.

At the right of the entrance is a massive granite shaft towering almost to the sky, called "Eagle Cliff." It is so called because our glorious American bird has chosen it a fit place to build his home. Just before us is another giant, equally as grand and impressive, and clinging to its side, half-way down from its summit, and standing out in bold relief against the sky, are "Vacant Chair" and "Hindoo Baby," each a curious and suggestive rock-formation. Passing through the gate, where the toll, previously spoken of, is paid, two immense pillars of rock stand squarely across the cañon, completely filling it, and demanding a halt.

The way seems barred, and the tourist is at a loss to know which way to go, but the brook has found its way and so must we. Here we find the most

SEVEN FALLS IN CHEYENNE CAÑON.

wonderful demonstration in the action of the water. For hundreds of feet, the cañon, at this point, has been worn through the solid granite. On either side, the perpendicular walls rise nearly 1,000 feet high, and at one place, are but 40 feet apart, barely giving room for the creek and the roadway between them. Not far from these great pillars of rock, on the left, is Observatory Point; next we come to a graceful symmetrical pinnacle of granite, more than 300 feet high. It stands alone, like a watch-tower of the God of War, its foot wrapped in a great dark cloak of sombre evergreen. The burro-trail leaves the cañon here and winds its way through a thickly wooded gulch to Point Lookout and Seven Falls.

Here, nature out-does herself in a grand display of mighty cliffs and rushing waters. Here, is a colossal amphitheatre, down one side of which plunges the foaming torrent in seven distinct leaps from a perpendicular height of 216 feet. To view this, we ascend a mighty stairway and enjoy the beauties around, above and beyond. It is said, there is no place accessible to tourists which surpasses South Cheyenne Cañon in scenic beauty, not even excepting the Yosemite Valley and Alpine gorges. The entire cañon presents a succession of the grandest views that can be imagined, while beautiful brooks of crystal water, a flora unsurpassed in variety and the finest hills in Colorado, add to its surpassing attractiveness.

We must not forget to say, in passing, that in this cañon we saw the famous burro "Dick," which Helen Hunt Jackson, the poetess, has immortalized in some of her poems. "Dick" is a white burro, 39 years old, and famous for having been used by the United States government 20 years ago. He helped to build the cog-wheel railway up Pike's Peak. The grave of Helen Hunt Jackson, whose poems are filled with the glories of these mountains she loved so well, is at the summit of Seven Falls, in quiet Cheyenne Cañon.

Leaving Colorado Springs and traveling a few miles distant by steam or electric railway, one arrives at the world-famous Manitou. Everyone has heard of Manitou, and hundreds of thousands have been to this queen of mountain resorts, which possesses a peculiar charm for the tourist, and casts about him a magic spell, under the bewitching glamour of which he lingers. Manitou, the soft, melodious Indian name, means Spirit. One readily recalls those lines of Longfellow's Hiawatha:

> "Gitchie Manitou, the Mighty!
> Give your children, food, oh Father,
> Give us food or we must perish,
> Give me food for Minnehaha,
> For my dying Minnehaha."

But Manitou is said to have gotten its name some other way. A facetious stage-driver told us

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MANITOU.

quite a different story for the origin of the Indian name. A lady had been traveling through this portion of Colorado more than a quarter of a century ago, when there were few inhabitants in the present city of Manitou. Reaching home, her folk asked her about the sights and scenes of the country. "Well, tell us what you saw there" was the request of one. "Oh, I only saw a *man or two*," was the response, and so Manitou got its name, the story says.

Manitou is called "The Saratoga of the West." It is five miles from Colorado Springs, and 80 miles due south of Denver. It lies in a cup-like glen, surrounded by mountains, and has for an impressive back ground, high above the surrounding summits, the lonely majesty of Pike's Peak. It is famous for its mineral waters, picturesque surroundings and the cog-wheel railroad to the summit of Pike's Peak. Its inhabitants number about 2,000.

There are two electric-light plants here and three miles of streets lighted by arc lights. A beautiful avenue, 80 feet wide, runs through the town, on either side of which are handsome cottages, villas and hotels of elegant design and construction. In the centre of the town are the famous mineral springs—soda, sulphur and iron. These are inclosed within miniature parks and pleasure-

grounds, and to these sparkling mineral springs the Indians brought their sick for healing long before the coming of the white man's foot. Sparkling, effervescent and highly agreeable to taste, their waters are adapted to cure or alleviate a wide range of chronic "ills which man is heir to."

There are resorts galore, but rustic, balmy, healthful Manitou is at the head of the procession, and offers more pleasure, distraction and recreative opportunity than any of them. Climatically there is no other region that so nearly approaches the ideal, both in its conduciveness to health and its ecstatic delightfulness; and, scenically, the whole region round about is fairly covered with the weird, the wonderful and the beauteous. The various springs are Nature's own apothecary shop. Nature was indeed lavish in showering her blessings on Manitou. Her attractions are natural—God made them. Manitou! There is symphony in the soft, sweet sound of that Indian name for the Great Spirit, for all who have felt the charm of the place it designates.

One takes in the numerous environments for which Manitou is remarkable, and some of which are Glen Eyrie, Garden of the Gods, Cave of the Winds, and Pike's Peak. We took the last mentioned first, preferring the morning to the afternoon on the summit. Pike's Peak! That historic

ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

beacon summit which guided the early explorers across the Great Plains, rears its snow crest in the midst of a veritable wonderland. Here, one beholds Nature in some of her grandest and most fantastic moods. Here, are massive, gigantic mountain peaks rearing their heads in the regions of perpetual snow. Here, when the world was young, was the play-ground of Titan's force—rock-forms of every size, shape and color, rising in airy pinnacles like the spires of Milan, or in solid shafts, against which modern engineering might beat in vain.

There are several ways in which the tourist may ascend the Peak—by wagon, on burro, by the cog-wheel railway, or, if he has the grit of three Englishmen we met, he takes it afoot. Hailing from Maryland, and being imbued with Southern blood that loathes over-exertion, and loves ease and comfort, we took the cog. The railway is unique, not to say wonderful. At the Iron Springs, the terminus of the street-railway, one takes the car for the summit of the Peak. The coach is fitted out as any railroad coach is; the engine, which we shall not attempt to describe, because we cannot, pushes the coach from the rear up the mountain. In the centre of the track is the cog-wheel arrangement, and this is the distinctive feature which accomplishes this great feat of engineering. The grade

in the road is wonderful, and at one part there is an ascent of 25 per cent perpendicular for three miles.

Were it not for the cog-wheel railway, only those few of nature's physical aristocrats who have superior development of limbs and lungs, would be permitted to mount above the clouds and stand "close to the sun in lonely lands." But the cog reduces all men to a common level in the enjoyment of this sublime pleasure without physical exertion and without fatigue of any kind. Any one able to travel in a railroad-car can be lifted up to the strange region of clouds and storms, and for a few hours exist in the heart of eternal desolation. To the common-place human being this trip is a chapter from one of Jules Verne's romances. The dullest mind is susceptible to grand, impressive and poetic fancies, and these are sure to be aroused and felt by the experience at the summit of Pike's Peak. We did not make the ascent without trepidation, knowing that the altitude seriously affects some, specially those whose "too solid flesh will not melt" (misquoted). But we gritted our teeth, swallowed the lump in our throat, and said "Pike's Peak or bust."

Difficult indeed is the task of attempting even to describe what may be seen from the train ascending Pike's Peak. A picture for the mind of the

varied tints and colors, and constantly-changing panorama, can reach it only through the human eye. The lower terminus of the cog-wheel road is situated at the mouth of Engleman's Cañon, the sides of which are formed by the slopes of Manitou Hiawatha Mountains. Rushing through the cañon, Ruxton creek, a sparkling mountain stream, swiftly flows beside us, dashing madly on over massive boulders and forming numberless cascades and waterfalls far below. Its source is the perpetual snow, and we follow it for two and three-quarter miles. There are many scenes and points of interest en route up the Peak. A short distance from the starting point are Shady Springs, hidden under the slope of the massive mountain upon which rest Gog and Magog. To the right is the Lone Fisherman, who patiently waits at the top of the northern wall of the cañon. Now we enter the Great Pass, where we see Echo Falls, named from the echo rocks above, from the high walls of which the sound of dashing waters is distinctly reverberated. Just beyond is the natural creek tunnel, an arched waterway formed by the fallen boulders through which the stream flows. Passing the stupendous Hanging Rock, that makes us shudder lest it lose its equilibrium at that very moment, we are soon at Artist's Glen, from where a good view of the Garden of the Gods may be had.

Next on the right is Plum Pudding (like mother used to make); on the left the Turtle and Punch, and passing through a natural gateway we come in view of Minnehaha Falls. Here is a picturesque group of Swiss cottages set among the pines, and occupied by pleasure-seekers. Lizzard Rock, Pinnacle Rock, Devil's Slide, the Elk's Head, the Fleuride gold-mine are left behind, and we suddenly come upon the Half-Way House, a comfortable hotel situated in a beautiful grove at the foot of Grand View Rock. Here, a short stop is made, and several passengers, fearing bad effects from the altitude at the summit, leave the car. Only a few being overburdened with avoirdupois tissue, which is an unfavorable condition in high altitudes, remain with those ambitious to reach the summit.

On we go, up, up through the narrow, rugged walls of Hell's Gate, and enter the verdant Ruxton and Aspen Parks, over which Bald and Sheep Mountains stand as sentinels. Here, for two and a quarter miles a comparative level stretch is traveled and a good view of Grand Old Mountain is had; as we are almost under the summit we gain a better view of the altitude than from any other point of view. Our train makes a stop for water, as there is before us the longest and steepest incline on the road, winding around the southern side of the mountain. As we ascend, the moun-

THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER.

MRS. RILEY PICKNICKING IN THE ROCKIES.

tains to the east seem to sink until they become mere foothills, and our view to the east and south becomes more extended. From Inspiration Point, we see far below us a glacial lake covering 110 acres, and glacial rocks, upon which are marks showing the unmistakable action of ice in ages past. These rocks are Mount Baldy and Mount Garfield, Bear Creek Cañon and the Southern Mountains.

After passing Timber Line (11,578 ft.), we cross a great field of broken rock, in which are small areas where enough soil is found for some small mosses and many low Alpine plants to take root; and here, in season, there is a profusion of these tiny flowers, which one could hardly expect to find at such a high altitude. At Windy Point we get our first western view, and are but a short distance from the summit, which is reached one hour and a half after leaving Manitou. The world is now before us, and rare indeed would be the art that could picture to the soul, unaided by the sense of sight, the unapproachable magnitude of the view that now greets the bewildered eye. Spread out before us is a mighty panorama of 40,000 square miles. To the east is a gay confusion of buffalo plains, streams and flowering fields dotted over with villages and cities. Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods are at our feet, and look

like flower-beds. To the south are Seven Lakes, the Raton Mountains of New Mexico, and the famous Spanish Peaks; the cities of Pueblo, Florence, Cañon City and Altman—the highest mining town in Colorado—and the Arkansas Valley and Cripple Creek.

To the west, protruding itself above the clouds, is the Sangre de Cristo Range, spreading out its sheet of perpetual snow, and freshening the air that one breathes with the vigor it stimulates. Buffalo, Blanca, Ouray, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Holy Cross and Elbert Peaks are in this direction at distances varying from 60 to 150 miles. To the north are the abyss, Gray and Long's Peak, and Denver Castle Rock and Manitou Park in the Continental Divide. Few persons, comparatively, know the sensation of looking from a mountain top over thousands of miles of the earth's surface; and to those few who have realized this sensation, it affords an indelible recollection, one of the experiences of a lifetime cherished on memory's brightest page. The barometer here stands about 17 inches, and water boils at 184 degrees Fahrenheit. Can you wonder then that the human body and human mind in these conditions manifest new feelings? One feels that he must get on his knees and worship the Great God of Nature, the Great First Cause of all this grandeur and sublime splendor.

At the summit of the peak is located the United States Signal Station building, the highest observatory in the country. It was built in 1882, but is not in operation now. On the summit, there is one lonely grave, covered with rocks, the plain wooden headstone bearing this inscription: "In memory of Mary O'Keefe, daughter of John and Kate O'Keefe, who was eaten by rats, 1876." Tradition says, Mary O'Keefe, losing her way in the mountains, sank down exhausted and was eaten by mountain-rats.

A popular fad of those who reach the summit of Pike's Peak is to telegraph to their friends, or send them a Pike's Peak illustrated postal card. These are ten cents each, and the writing is in a very shaky hand. This is not to be wondered at when one is in the clouds and can, in reality, "push dem clouds away" with one's hands. The greater wonder is that he can write at all.

One of the party was an old man from Iowa, aged 70 years. He had started at seven o'clock in the morning to walk from Manitou up the peak. It was too much for him, and we took him aboard at the Pike's Peak *News* office. It was then ten a. m. and he had walked to the altitude of 9,699 feet. We talked with him, and congratulated him on his ambition and nerve. He said he had not done so much after all, for the day previous a man

and a woman from Kansas, carrying an eight-months old baby, had walked to the summit. Not knowing anything about Kansas endurance, we presumed these people must have been English. The idea of walking up to an altitude of 14,147 feet is not to be despised, but to carry a baby is quite an unusual feat.

The Pike's Peak *Daily News* is published by an enterprising woman, and is sold to those on the train at 10 cents a copy, except to the clergy and newspaper fraternity; to these, who are numbered with the blest, it is presented gratis. Happily we are in the latter category. The paper contains the names of those who visit the peak daily. You give your name as you make the ascent; returning, you buy the paper, name and all. Quick work, isn't it? But nothing astonishes you in Colorado, after you have been here a while. It is altogether a swift place, and in its bright lexicon of get-at-ive-ness, there are no such words as "can't" or "fail."

The first ascent to the peak was made July 14th, 1819. It has been stated that the first woman to stand on the summit of Pike's Peak was Mrs. James Holmes, who is said to have reached the summit August 5th, 1858.

Mrs. Samuel J. Riley is also a claimant for the distinguished honor of having been the first woman to reach the summit of the Peak, and it seems highly probable that she was.

Mrs. Riley, neè Mollie Devinney, was born in Kentucky, and was one of three sisters who married Kent county (Maryland) men.

Mr. Devinney, Mrs. Riley's father, moved with his family from Kentucky to St. Joseph, Missouri, and here the three sisters met the three Kent county men, who, at different times drifted there, and finally married them, a rather striking coincidence in everyday life. One of these men was Samuel J. Riley, the husband of the woman said to have been the first to mount the summit of Pike's Peak. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Riley resided in St. Joseph, Missouri, when, in the summer of 1874, Mrs. Riley planned a visit to her younger sister, Mrs. Joseph Dozier, who resides at Colorado Springs. During her visit, Mrs. Riley conceived the notion of making the ascent to the summit of Pike's Peak. She was a frail, delicate woman, and her friends and relatives attempted to dissuade her from making the trip, believing the hardships and trials would cause her death. She was a woman of indomitable will, however, and once having fixed her heart and mind on attaining a goal, was determined to pursue it. She started out, therefore, and in company with two gentlemen friends, she made the trip in two days and a night without the slightest harm to her health, and this in the days when there was only a foot-path up the

mountain height. The superintendent of the Weather Bureau on the summit told Mrs. Riley she was the first woman who had made the ascent. Mrs. Riley married a nephew of Mr. Marion De Kalb Smith, of Chestertown, Maryland, late Comptroller of the State of Maryland from 1892 to 1896.

She was a very ambitious woman, of a mild, gentle disposition and lovely character, and drew about her many admiring friends. She died in 1881 in Texas, where her husband had removed.

In the picture—"Mrs. Riley Picnicing in the Rockies"—Mrs. Riley is on the right, holding her infant in her arms; the little boy below is her son, and the little girl to the left, in the plaid dress, is her daughter. In the centre is Mr. Joseph Dozier, and to the left Mrs. Dozier, Mrs. Riley's younger sister.

To Major Zebulon Pike, is due the honor of first describing the peak which now bears his name. Nearly a century ago (to be exact, November 5th, 1806), Major Pike first beheld the "Great Snow Mountain." Under many difficulties and hardships, Pike and some of his soldiers climbed the intervening hill, and viewed the frowning battlements of the great peak. After 14 days' climbing, without succeeding in reaching the summit, Pike was discouraged at the outlook and recorded in his diary, "no human being could ascend to the sum-

mit." We should like to know his feelings to-day, could he see the tourists who reach the uttermost pinnacles of this "inaccessible" mountain by burro-trail, mountain wagon, and Pike's Peak cog-wheel railway.

The explorer, whose name it immortalizes, never set foot at its base, to say nothing of its summit, but as he first printed a description of its grandeur, the credit of the discovery belongs to him. Since its discovery, its fame has steadily increased, and no mountain in the world is more widely known to all classes and conditions of men than Pike's Peak. Occupying as it does a commanding position in the scenery of Colorado, it also occupies a commanding position in history and tradition. At its foot rests Manitou, cradled among the hills. From its snow-crowned summit descends the cooling breezes which render this favored spot a delight to all visitors whom good fortune has sent thither. Here, bubble those fabled delicious waters of health-giving springs—rivaling in efficacy the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, which Ponce de Leon strove in vain to find, and, at last, still bravely searching, lost that life which he had dreamed to make immortal.

One meets, in traveling for scenery, a great many very nice people. Our passengers up the cog numbered 44, among them several from England,

Germany, Paris and two gentlemen from Copenhagen, Denmark. One of these was Dr. Alex. Paulsen, chief of the military hospital at Copenhagen, in which there are 500 beds for sick and disabled soldiers. His companion, one Mr. Lauritz Dahle, and the doctor were "doing" this country. They had started out from the Atlantic coast and were working their way to Balboa's broad and peaceful Pacific and the Golden Gate, whence they go to Honolulu, Hong Kong, Java and Malta, returning to Denmark in April. "What do you think of our country?" we asked Mr. Dahle. "It is grand, lovely," was the reply. "I like Washington and Chicago, but New York best. In New York it is so fine. I like the idea that the gentlemen here are not allowed to smoke in public buildings." This was something that we did not know. "The Americans," he continued, "are the very cleverest people in the world. I think you think so yourself, too."

At this we smiled a very conscious broad smile. We Americans all think we're clever, and that's a fact. Continuing in his praise of our grand old country he said: "The people here are enterprising, energetic, but very nervous, very nervous indeed." We felt inclined to say, "tell us something we don't know," for nervousness in our race is a self-evident fact. "Colorado is grand," Mr. Dahle

PIKE'S PEAK FROM THE GARDEN OF THE GODS--THE GATEWAY.

continued, "It is the most beautiful State we have visited in your country." "It is our Switzerland," we said, "do you think it compares with yours?" "Yes, oh yes," was the reply, "it is just as beautiful, these mountains are more beautiful than the Alps which may be more snow-capped, but the scenery of which is no better. This is a grand mountain (referring to Pike's Peak), the scenery here is magnificent." "But tell us of your own country," we asked, "tell us of Denmark." "Denmark has 2,000,000 inhabitants, the oldest people in Europe live there. We have no black people. I like to see them here, they interest me. We have not many Jews either. There are no common schools there for children whose parents are not able to pay to educate them, but those who are able to pay must bear the expense. Our taxes are three per cent of our annual income. We have a good climate and beautiful forest."

"Are your winters very severe?" we asked. "No, not very," was the reply, "there is not much ice and little skating." Referring to exports, Mr. Dahle said that England gets most of her butter from Denmark. "But what are you writing?" was the astonished query of our new acquaintance of the cog-wheel railway, "do you belong to the newspaper fraternity?" We soothed his fears by telling him we had that honor, and he became as close-mouthed as an oyster while we continued

"taking notes." Asking the impression that our people, individually, made upon the foreign tourist, we received, hesitatingly, the reply that the average American endeavored to make extortionate charges on the foreigner traveling in this country, and several cases were cited in illustration. To use American parlance, these gentlemen from Denmark said our countrymen tried to "do" them at hotels, for carriage-hire, and so forth, and that this trait gave America a black eye abroad. We fancy it is "tit for tat" when we visit them, and there is a sort of evening up, after all.

In conclusion, what shall we say of Pike's Peak? We have failed to describe its glorious splendor, for description fails when the writer is human and the subject so sublime. Its summit would attract the eye anywhere, its foot hidden in verdurous hilis. guarded by knightly crags, half buried in seething clouds, its helmet vertical, frowning, plumed with gleaming snow. The tourist realizes that he has reached that height, "around whose summit splendid visions rise." Pike's Peak, shining grandly out of the pure ether, above all turbulence and strife, seems to say: "Humble thyself, O man! Uncover thy head, forget not that as high as gleams the splendor of this everlasting mountain above thy gilded spires, so are the thoughts of its Creator above thy thoughts, His ways above thy ways."

CHAPTER X.

COLORADO SCENERY—GRAND CAVERNS—WILLIAMS CAÑON—THE GARDEN OF THE GODS—CAVE OF THE WINDS—GLEN EYRIE.

In the neighborhood of Manitou, Nature is in her most majestic mood. A series of grand perspectives attract and charm the tourist. Driving up Ute Pass, we visit Grand Caverns, and they have their proper names, for they are indeed grand. The Caverns are located up Agate Mountain in Ute Pass, near the heart of Manitou.

They have been opened to the public since 1885, during which time 120,000 visitors have passed the portal to inspect the weird and wonderful creations of Nature. Following a short passage-way, we were taken over a road hewn through massive boulders, into the rotunda or vestibule, where we got a first glimpse of the subterranean wonders, while from this chamber radiate the various avenues to the mystic chambers beyond.

In the vestibule are to be found forms of rare and curious workmanship, stalactites and stalagmites of alabaster, and other translucent compositions.

Leaving the vestibule, a passage is followed through Canopy avenue, in which are found the remains of the prehistoric occupants of the Caverns. Alabaster Hall, radiant with sparkling fountains and marvelous adornments, is a paradise of splendor. Stalactite Hall, which adjoins this, is, as its name implies, made up of figures of diversified shapes, which hang from the ceiling with corresponding growths from below, many of these meeting in marble embrace, the completion of which must have occupied countless ages.

The Narrows, a short and sinuous passage-way, leads on to the Opera House, where attractions are replete in dazzling array. Concert Hall presents varied attractions which dazzle and mystify the beholder. The ceiling is high and majestic, the walls and arches being symmetrical as though fashioned by a master hand. Perched on a natural balcony on one side is the organ, marvelously wrought, and composed of thin stalactites, tuned to an almost perfect gamut. Here, a musician regales the visitor with selections on this natural instrument. The impression one receives of Grand Caverns is of something mighty, unreal and supernatural. Leaving Grand Caverns, we proceed to Williams Cañon, the drive to which is a miracle among mountain roads. Temple Drive to this cañon is carved and blasted from the corrugated and "impossible" side

of the mountains. It now presents with its solid stone-walled sides, railway of heavy timber, and even, easy grade as located by the engineers, the safest and most interesting drive in the mountains of Colorado.

Williams Cañon, located as it is amid scenic grandeur and panoramic picturesqueness, is indeed beautiful. It is under the cap of the mountains, every knob and peak of which possesses a peculiar charm for the traveler. Here, there are castles and fortifications chisseled out in by-gone ages. The side walls of the cañon are several hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular. The rock has been washed and eroded in every conceivable form and shape. Through beautiful Williams Cañon and Temple Drive, we approach the Cave of the Winds, this wonder of wonders, whose revelations of Nature's freaks and fancies is beyond the highest possible conception, or most extravagant expectations. The Cave of the Winds was discovered by two boys, aged 11 and 14, respectively, who, playing in the mountains about Williams Cañon, saw the opening and ventured into it. They told their exploits, and further investigation followed. The result was, the land was purchased by two men, who developed and improved the roadway leading to the Cave, and explored the mystery of this underground palace. The original owners are now num-

bered with those who "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," and their wives are possessors of this veritable gold-mine. The guide told us the records this season showed an enormous number of visitors, those of a single day, on one occasion, numbering 750. When the admission-fee is $1, you can appreciate what it means to take in $750 per day.

It was the close of the season when we "took in" the Cave, or it took us into its subterranean embrace, and on that day there had been 60 visitors. This was considered a very poor day, but we thought $60 a day good earnings.

But, not to digress—the first chamber we enter is Entrance Hall. Its dimensions are 50 x 50, with a ceiling 8 to 10 feet high. Passing on, we enter Curtain Hall, a room 40 or more feet long, 10 to 12 feet wide and 15 feet high. This room is singularly ornamented with stalactite, and other formations; a very fine formation of calcite on one of the walls is known as the "Curtain." The coloring of this is more beautiful than if painted by hand, and when seen under bright rays of magnesium light, its beauty is beyond power of man to describe. We next enter Canopy Hall, which is nearly 300 feet long, 40 feet high and averages 30 feet in width. The ceiling, side walls and floor are well covered with calcite. The side walls are very rugged and

the floor slightly uneven. This "Hall" is profuse in ornamentation. Here are to be seen Stalactite Niche, Bed of Cauliflowers, Frescoed Ceiling, Lake Basin, Grandma's Skillet, Bats Wings, Xenophon, Fringe of Stalactite, Prairie-Dog Village, and Fairy Scene, all in this one room of the cave. In this chamber, the picture of wings overhanging, images on the ceiling, the stalactites, the indented rugged walls, all these, and the awful stillness of it all, is ghoulish in the extreme. From here, we pass into a subterranean crooked way called Boston avenue, because of its resemblance to the crookedness of the streets of "The Hub." At the further end it widens, and is ornamented with overhanging walls and beams, and side rooms and chimneys, indicating the great activity of the water which doubtless caused it.

Turning to the right, we come to Diamond Hall. This is 90 feet long, 12 feet high and 10 or more feet wide. The ceiling is indented and so finished as to be arched, with here and there domes, and the whole frescoed and adorned with beautiful wreathes of crystal and coral, which have been forming throughout countless ages. In the brilliant magnesium light which the guide carries, every inch of the walls of this room sparkles and scintillates, each conceivable color and shade giving perfectly the effects to the walls of diamond mosaic work. This

room is indeed very appropriately called Diamond Hall.

From here, we go to the grand art gallery of the Cave, named Hall of Beauty. This matchless palace of pearl enraptures the visitor, and no language is extravagant enough to express our praise, when beholding the wondrous works of nature here, where translucent stalactites of alabaster, with drops of water trembling on their tips, sparkling like myriads of diamonds, greet us. Cryptal flowers of the most exquisite workmanship hang in festoons from every crevice and corner. Sparkling encrustations, reveling in beauty, the hoar frost of the Arctic regions, and glittering like dew-drops in the morning sun, are seen on every side. The aesthetic decoration of the great arched ceilings of Gothic and Greek architecture, with their perfect domes and castles wreathed and entwined with sparkling flowers of the most delicate mould and beautiful designs, is past all description.

Passing on to the further end of the Hall of Beauty, the visitor is greeted by a pandemonium of outlandish contortions, rightly named Dante's Inferno. Next we enter the Bridal Chamber. Here, the curious has run riot. It beggars description. On the floor of this Babel-like apartment, amid stately statuary, we find a beautiful bride, and Lot's Wife, while circling around in ghoulish glee on the

ceiling and casement, are wreathing reptiles, dancing devils, acrobatic monkeys, beasts and birds of every form, all in riotous postures. Airy creatures here mingle with those of the infernal regions, representing both pandemonium and paradise. In this chamber, the geologist is puzzled and lost in reflection, the poet is inspired and the painter has a study before him. The weird wildness and contortions one sees here, are sights never to be forgotten. One is amazed, awed and thrilled with a sense of reverence, and feels that he should bend his knee in adoration. One loves all the world when beholding such sights, and would even hug his mother-in-law, were she here, so great is his wild happiness at having been blessed with the privilege of witnessing such a marvelous sight, and he commiserates those unfortunates who have not seen it.

Next, we enter Crystal Palace. Not more antipodal are the scenes just described and those of the chamber adjoining known as Crystal Palace. These comprise four rooms closely connected, which are in reality a casket of gems and jewels, and are the very climax of all that goes to embellish, decorate and beautify a cave. Here we saw the flowering alabaster in its perfection. Unlike the gravity stalactites, which grow from dripping water, this form crystallizes from the atmosphere. The walls and

ceilings are closely malted or veneered with pure white alabaster. The spurs or needles from one to two and a half inches long, and in clusters, resembling chrysanthemums or chestnut-burrs, stand out from the surface in the most graceful profusion and as thickly as grass upon a lawn. These fadeless flowers of crystal, interlooped, entwined and interlaced into gorgeous wreaths and faultless festoons of prettiest patterns, bright and brilliant, glittering and startling, deck and grace this peerless palace. We must not neglect to mention the Reception Hall in the Cave of the Winds, where in every conceivable niche there are hundreds and thousands of visiting cards, left here by those who visit this wonderfully beautiful subterranean palace. As long as memory lasts, we will recall with intense pleasure this feast to the vision—this rare combination of the sublime and the beautiful.

Our next visit was to the Garden of the Gods. No one knows exactly why this valley was named the Garden of the Gods. There is nothing especially garden-like in its appearance, but, doubtless through "apt alliteration's artful aid," the name has become greatly popular, and it would now be foolish to quarrel with it or make any attempt to change it after all these years. There are, however, suggestions on every hand that Titanic forces have been at work here, and it requires but little

imagination to ascribe these innumerable quaint sculpturings, these magnificent architectural rock marks, these grand and imposing temples not made with hands, to the agencies of the gods. Here are to be found carved in stone by those cunning instruments of nature—the wind, the rain, the snow, the frost, the sunbeam—curious and often grotesque figures, irresistibly suggestive of forms of life. Now, one sees the statue of liberty leaning on her shield, with the conventional Phrygian cap on her head; over there, is a gigantic frog carved in sandstone; yonder, is a pilgrim, staff in hand. Groups of figures in curious attitudes are to be seen on every hand. The lion, the seal, the elephant, are all here, and indeed, a lively imagination is not needed to discover in this Garden of the Gods an endless variety of imitative forms of human beings, of birds, beasts and reptiles. All of these figures possess curious interest, and attract wondering attention, but the notable and majestic objects are the Great Gateway and the Cathedral Spires.

Two lofty tablets of carnelian-colored sandstone, sit directly opposite each other, about 50 feet apart, and, rising to a height of 330 feet, form the portals of the far-famed Gateway. Rising as they do from perfectly level ground, these upthrusts present a strangely impressive spectacle.

The Cathedral Spires are of a similar character

to the Gateway, but their crests are sharply splintered into spire-like pinnacles. The striking contrast formed by these crimson crags, outlined against the deep blue sky and gilded by the high white lights of the unclouded sun of Colorado, cannot be described.

Paintings have been made in which artists strove for this effect, but the result was bizarre and garish. Art cannot reproduce it. What appears crude and violent in colors on canvas, appears strong, brilliant and harmonious when beheld in nature. In the Garden of the Gods, solitude is unbroken by the residence of man, but we found here inanimate forms of stone, quaint and grotesque suggestions of human life. Here were hints of Athens and the Parthenon, Palmyra and the Pyramids, Karnac and her crumbling columns.

After their form, the most striking feature was their color, which glows with an intensity of red, unknown in any of the sandstones of the East. It is impossible to describe the weirdness of this wonderful garden, which, once beheld, can never be forgotten. One has the impression of something mighty, unreal and supernatural. It is truly a Garden of the Gods, but of the gods of the Norse Walhalla in some of their strange outbursts of wild rage and uncouth playfulness. The scene is theatrical, and highly spectacular. The rocks here have

gone masquerading in all sorts of queer costumes and characters. If one could live here for months, he might find language flowing in its proper channels and be able to describe the savage grandeur of the sight.

But one must hold his breath in the first stupor of astonishment, and words are useless, worse than useless to attempt such a picture as the Garden of the Gods presents in its outlying wildness and "ruinous perfection." To fully understand, one must see for himself these relics of ruined strata, these fanciful images of things seen and unseen, which stand thickly over hundreds of acres like mouldering ruins of some half-buried city of the desert. There is little of tenderness or delicate carving; these ghastly rents and seams are tragic, and the grandeur of it all is terrible and gruesome rather than beautiful. In the Garden of the Gods, one feels that he is in the holy of holies, that he is on the confines of another world, and that the veil that divides him will soon be rent asunder.

"Here the New West its wealth unlocks,
And tears the veil aside,
Which hides the mystic glades and rocks
The Red Man defied.
This greenwood girt with tongue and flame,
With spectral pillars strewn,
Not strangely did the savage name
A haunt of gods unknown."

Leaving the Garden of the Gods, we visited Glen Eyrie, the site of a private residence owned and occupied in summer by General Palmer, whose winter residence is in New York. Glen Eyrie is a most interesting glen, and although not open to the public, tourists are permitted to drive through the grounds every day except Sunday. It is situated in Queen Cañon; and the character of the monoliths in this cañon are even more wonderful than those of the Garden of the Gods. The Major Domo is a column of red sandstone, rising to a height of 300 feet, with a curious swell near the summit, which far exceeds in diameter the base of the shaft. It looks as though it might fall at any moment in obedience to the laws of gravity. The effect of one standing under the Major Domo is said to be the same as when standing beneath the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Italy.

We neglected to mention the Balancing Rock at the entrance of the Garden of the Gods. This huge rock is balanced in a manner opposed to all laws of stable equilibrium, and is an object of special interest to the tourist, and a favorite spot for photographing one's self on a burro.

Having seen so much of this world's grandeur, of the everlasting hills, of nature in her most majestic, capricious and fanciful moods, of savage wilderness, of the beautiful and sublime, the gruesome

and grotesque, of all in nature that is full of surprises and pleasure, it was indeed difficult for the writer to descend to the commonplace, and when we did come out of the clouds it was with a dull thud. For once, we wished ourselves a poet that we might invoke the muses and lay a rhythmic offering on the altar of their shrine, thus immortalizing the picturesqueness of lovely Colorado, one of the newest portions of the new world.

CHAPTER XI.

DENVER'S ODDITIES AND PECULIARITIES—SOME STRIKING FEATURES OF THE COMMONPLACE ORDER.

It will not do to say farewell to Denver and Colorado without a few notes and incidents that present themselves to the eastern tourist here, and which, coming under no particular head are, therefore, unclassified.

Passing along the streets of Denver, one is attracted by the peculiar names on some of the signs above doors and windows of various business establishments. While waiting for a car one day at a prominent street corner there, we were gazing at the beautiful Colorado sky, the color of which has its perfection in this State, very probably because of the rarefied air. While admiring the bluest of blue skies, our attention was attracted to the building opposite, on which was the sign "Cool and High." Now why it should be cooler just midway that building, we could not imagine, for it certainly was not so high as others near by. On inquiry we were told Cool and High was the firm who did business there.

This oddity of names kept us on the *qui vive* for others, some of which we remembered as follows:

A firm doing business in the northern part of the city is Love and Joy; another man is "A. Beggar." A tailor on Main street has his sign out "A. Swindler, Tailor." We are told, few tailors will acknowledge the same. On inquiry, we found this particular tailor's name is Adam, which he invariably abbreviates with "A." for he claims it is bad enough to be A. Swindler, without having to be A*dam* Swindler.

Then, there is a Fannie Toogood, a milliner, here. Isn't it too bad she is too good for a milliner? One Mr. Leadbeater has his sign out as a plumber. His name is almost as appropriate to his business, as are those of the firm of Salmon and Trout, who are fish dealers here in Denver. Now, since Mr. J. M. Salmon and Mr. S. L. Trout are in the fish business, who dares reiterate with the Bard of Avon that "there is nothing in a name?"

We gazed at a sign in the window of a popular shoe-store for a long time, deliberating whether we should walk in and take any risks. The sign read, "Any man, woman or child can have a fit inside—walk in." Now, the writer objects to having a fit anywhere, whether inside or out, and the sign struck us forcibly.

Aside from peculiar signs and odd names, there

were other things that attracted our attention along the line of the commonplace in Denver. Although we have traversed nearly the entire city, we have yet to see shutters on any of the houses—inside or outside. These eye-lid appendages to our eastern homes are altogether unknown in Denver. The people seem to have no use for them whatever. And, as to the houses themselves, one has to go miles to find a frame-house. We do not recall having seen a single one, but are told some of the oldest houses here are frame. There is a law against building a frame-house in Denver, which has been in existence some years past. That is the reason one sees only brick or stone houses.

Speaking of the Denver houses, reminds me of what President Harrison said when visiting Denver, a few years ago, as the guest of the G. A. R. of this city. In his address before a large assemblage, the President said, in part: "You have fine public buildings and elegant business houses, but your homes and your schools appeal to me as the most distinctive features of your city. These homes and schools tell me what the people of Colorado are."

To return to the schools—the Whittier School, at the corner of Twenty-fifth and Marion streets, occupies a whole block. It has desk room for 1,600 pupils, and has enrolled 1,480. There are 33

rooms in the building and 33 teachers. Although the school attendance is 1,480 (a little colony in itself), yet the order is such that the near-by residents are scarcely conscious of the recess hour, or when the school is dismissed. It is a great sight to witness the dismissal of the Whittier school, the largest in Denver. The western people think so much of their schools and the education of their children that there are many jokes at their expense.

Driving through an isolated district of the State, we remarked to the driver on the location of a handsome little school-building, where there was not a house to be seen anywhere. "Oh, that's nothing," said the driver, "why, we have a school out here where the whole shooting match belongs to one family." "How is that?" we asked. "Well, you see, the husband is the superintendent of the school; his wife, the teacher, and their child, the school." Doubting this statement, the driver declared he could prove the facts in the case, and even went so far as to say that after a while the child (the capacity of this school) died, and the mother scoured the country to find another child to keep up the attendance. "Oh, yes," continued the driver, "we're obliged to have schools here in this State, if there is only one child to go to 'em," and we took his word for it.

There are so few colored people in Denver that

there is no provision for separate schools for them, and the few colored children are admitted to the white schools. It is a rare thing to see a colored person here, and in over two months the writer cannot recall having seen more than a half-dozen of the colored race.

Denver has no markets. All marketing is done at the stores and "meat-markets" (as some of them are called), where meats as well as vegetables, pickles, mountain trout, and so forth, are on sale.

One, coming to Denver, or most of the western cities, has to learn how to market all over again. Here, they do not buy tomatoes or fruit by the peck, but by the pound. It seems rather odd to hear purchasers ask for a pound of peaches or pears, but that's the way they buy fruit here.

There are no cisterns in Denver. The water is soft and delightful for drinking as well as for all cleaning purposes. It is practically melted snow from the mountains. The manner of irrigating the farms here has peculiar interest for the Marylander, where there is rain in plenty and irrigation is not needed. There is a syndicate which operates the irrigating ditches. These are run in every direction, and branch off to the various truck-farms. Each farmer has "his day" for irrigating his land, and on these occasions the gates are opened and the land watered, for which privilege and luxury he pays so much per inch (not linear, of course).

Ashes are not gathered up by the garbage man in Denver, but each house is furnished with an ash pit at the rear of the back yard. These queer looking arrangements lead the stranger to inquire as to their usefulness, for they have the appearance of the old-fashioned bake-oven, built of brick and mortar. The ashes are deposited here, and here they remain sometimes for six months and longer, and, even then, on removal, are often found to be alive. The nature of the coal here is said to be the cause of this. Soft coal sells here for $3 per ton. It comes from the mountains in the State and does not smut, and its ashes are white.

Referring to the delightful climate, we were told there is a town 62 miles from Denver where there were but three mornings, from July to October, when there was no frost. Every town has its provincialisms, and Denver is no exception. We were surprised to hear a carving-knife called a "butcher-knife." The creeks are called "cricks," and all baggage is spoken of as "luggage." But the queerest of all is that a farm is called a "ranch," and there are numerous jokes on the Easterner, who expects the ranch to be anything else than what it is. A popular lawyer in Denver tells a story, the truth of which he vouches for, and being a lawyer we dared not doubt his veracity in the least.

He says, a gentleman who came out to Denver

from Pennsylvania, being pleased with the city, went back for his family to locate here. He at once became an object of interest to his acquaintances, who thought it wonderful that any man in those early days had crossed the plains to that far-away country of the Rockies and returned alive. He was queried on all sides; and one fellow was particularly anxious to know how travelers lived out there on the plains, what they subsisted on, and so forth. The gentleman told him they were in no danger of starving as there was plenty to eat. "How do you get it, out on those barren plains?" was the inquiry. "There are numerous ranches along the road," was the reply. "Ranches, eh? Do you encounter these ranches frequently?" He was assured that there was a ranch at least every five or ten miles along the road all the way across the plains to Denver. "Ranches!" the Easterner again exclaimed with a puzzled expression. "See here, are these ranches a very difficult game to shoot?"

For cycling, Denver leads the procession. There are more wheels to the square inch here than in any other city in the United States. Everybody rides a wheel—men, women and children. There are said to be over 40,000 wheels here. The surface is so level, the air so buoyant, and the rainy days almost unknown, that cycling is as great a fad in Denver to-day as it ever has been anywhere.

Bicycles literally overrun things, and they are used in every line of business. Street-car companies say they have lost $1,000,000 annually in traffic since bicycles have become the rage.

In fact, one company went into the hands of a receiver two years ago, alleging that the universal wheel had impaired its earnings to such an extent that it could not meet its interest demands. The open weather and the fine, natural roads are largely responsible for the popularity of the wheel, for it is conceded that ordinary riders can use their wheels daily for fifty weeks out of the fifty-two and not suffer any annoyance from mud or snow. Add to this the fact that neither lights, brakes nor bells are required and the agility of the non-rider in taking care of himself can be appreciated.

Denver is also said to be the only city in the country where the bicycle vote controls elections on municipal issues.

We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this, but we were told that a young lady, standing on the veranda of her home on a popular thoroughfare, in five minutes counted 900 wheels passing. Most women here ride diamond frames, and nothing is thought of it. Nearly all lady riders wear the divided skirt.

Denver boasts a woman superintendent of schools. Her name is Emma M. Hery, and she

had been a teacher in Denver schools. Miss Hery is 23 years old, of charming personality, being a fine talker and a delightful writer. She is an active member of the Denver Woman's Press Club, and has done some fine writing, having taken prizes for her short stories. When the bicycle craze first struck Colorado, Miss Hery learned to ride, and she was so delighted with the experience that she at once wrote "A Love Story on Wheels." Miss Hery is a staunch Democrat, and was elected on the straight Democratic ticket by a plurality of 2,818. Her opponent, also a woman, had a strong following.

Visitors, that we should call "green" or "hayseeds" in the East, are here called "pilgrims" and "tenderfeet." We fear the verdancy of our eastern innocence has long since classed us in this category. It took the writer some little time to find out what a burro is. We heard them talked of quite a little before we realized a burro is only another name for donkey, or "Colorado Canary Birds" as they are called. They are very useful in climbing the mountains, and must get their name from the manner in which they burrow their feet into the mountain pass or burro-trail, and thus take a secure footing. They are safe climbers and sure-footed. They know every inch of their ground.

There are four leading newspapers in Denver. Shades of get-in-the-push journalism, deliver us from Annapolis' multiplicity, where there are a half-dozen or more! Denver's papers are *The Republican*, *The Rocky Mountain News*, *The Post* and *The Times*. All are progressive and up-to-date newspapers, and each sells for five cents per copy. Think of it—five cents. That's making money, isn't it? It nearly took our breath when we purchased copies of the various newspapers, and were asked a nickel for each. We indignantly walked off, exclaiming something about our eastern papers selling for a penny and being a great deal better. One thing that struck us about these Denver papers was that no advertisements ever appear on the first page. We rather like this idea, and agree with the western editor who says "ads." on the first page spoil the appearance of the paper. But for news, these western papers are not equal to ours. So far as Maryland is concerned, she might as well be wiped off the map, for there is never any news in Denver papers from Maryland. How we longed to see even a weather report from "Maryland, My Maryland," but longed in vain. We took the liberty to tell a newspaper man here that our Baltimore *Sun*, the leading organ in newspaperdom in Maryland, contained, not only local and State news, but news

from every part of the United States, even Denver; and that Denver papers wanted to take lessons in progressive journalism from our Baltimore *Sun.*

Women, in Denver, take as much interest in politics as men. Perhaps we should qualify this by saying *some* women. As we stated in a previous chapter, they are privileged to vote on all municipal and State matters, and several of them are judges of election.

We were not a little amused to see barouches filled with ladies driving about the city, preparing for their fall campaign. They had displayed a conspicuous cover on their horses, informing the public they were for "Bryan and Free Silver." Great interest was manifested in the fall election in Denver, when a vote to buy its own water-plant was taken. An ordinance has been passed by the city council compelling the car company, The Denver Tramway, to heat all of its cars during the winter season.

A young lady from the East visiting Denver declared she was an A No. 1 cake-maker. Her hostess gave her an opportunity to demonstrate her ability in that line. The cake was a failure. Moral —Cake cannot be made in Denver as it is made in Annapolis or Baltimore. Less butter and less sugar are required here, because of the altitude, which is one mile above sea-level, and which materially affects the baking.

One does not expect to find such fine stores and business houses so far West as he sees here. Everything that can be procured East may be purchased here for almost the same money. We were particularly impressed with the elegant display in one of the leading furniture houses here, that of Cooper, Powell and Shaw. The very latest and handsomest furniture of all kinds was displayed, the "Dutch Marquetry" being the latest and most unique in bed-room furniture. Prices compare favorably with those of the East, although the freight so far West is a big consideration. We had the distinguished pleasure of sitting in a chair that cost $150, and which had been sold to a Denver lady, whose reception room it is to adorn. We remarked to the salesman that if it cost $150 to sit down, we would prefer standing the rest of our natural life.

There is something about these western people that commends itself to one from the East, something that invites admiration. The Easterner's pride is provincial. He sends out no invitations to his fellow-countrymen to come and dwell within his gates. The Westerner is different. He blows his own horn, and wants the outside world to have a finger in the pie he has made. He has long since lived down the idea that "too many cooks spoil the broth." "The East is a good place to be born,"

some one has said, "but the West is a better place to grow." One seems to sprout here. There is something in the climate or the altitude favorable to expansion—not of the imperialistic sort, however. Here the field is less circumscribed, and more conducive to the sprouting tendency, which is latent in those who, like the writer, have been born into this vale of tears with an interrogation point behind them.

CHAPTER XII.

KANSAS CITY—THE MID-CONTINENT METROPOLIS—ITS EARLY HISTORY—ANOTHER CITY OF PHENOMENAL GROWTH—ITS LOCATION AND CLIMATE—A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE IN.

Leaving Denver, a night and day's ride over the popular Rock Island route, brings one to the metropolis of the mid-continent, Kansas City, a city the growth of which is almost as astonishing as that of the "Queen City of the Plains." While the growth of Kansas City has also been "phenomenal," yet it has been healthy, natural and is now a continuous growth.

During the first year of the war, business in Kansas City was at a standstill, no money was in circulation, and the municipality was paying its debts in shin-plasters. As the government began to issue paper money, a good deal of it was sent here to pay the soldiers. This revived matters somewhat, and during 1863 quite a number of wagons were loaded for the Mexican trade.

In September, 1864, General Price made his celebrated raid through Missouri. He swept through

the counties on the south of the Missouri river, driving all before him till he came to the crossing of the Blue, about seven miles east of Kansas City. Here, he was met and disastrously defeated by the Kansas and Colorado troops under General Curtis, when he fled south into Arkansas. This was known as the battle of Westport. Had Price succeeded in forcing a passage to Kansas City, he would have been met by the entire male population of the town, behind fortifications which they had thrown around the city in all directions.

In 1864, the latter part of the year, the railroad fever was started by the opening of a railroad from Kansas City to Lawrence, and, at the close of hostilities, Kansas City was rapidly recovering her ground. However, the panic of 1873 and the locust plague of Kansas City in 1874, hurt Kansas City's trade to a great extent. But misfortunes are often pioneers of fortune. The people of Kansas City were compelled to buy wheat for consumption in Iowa and Missouri; and the grain market of Kansas City, then in its infancy, received a great impetus by being made the handler of this wheat.

With the balance of the country, Kansas City, in 1876, began to progress with great strides, which continued steadily up to the collapse of the "boom" in 1887-88. Then the panic of 1893 came. The people here were too anxious to get rich in a hurry,

and while many are striving to attain riches to-day, yet they are taking time to enjoy the pleasures of living, which one cannot buy with money.

Business here to-day is being done on a safe conservative basis, and the outlook is very bright.

Kansas City has a magnificent railroad system. Twenty-two lines enter this great mart and transportation centre, and more are seeking entrance. Some cities have prospered by reason of their natural advantages, and some cities by reason of their energy, but Kansas City owes her advancement to both. Geographical position and transportation facilities have all to do with the growth of a city, and Kansas City is no exception. Here was the great bend of the mighty Missouri river and the mouth of the Kaw.

The river turned north and the overland route turned west at this point. It was the meeting and parting place. The steamboats and the prairie-schooners came together and separated here. All around, 400 miles in every direction, was a country marvelously prolific in every natural resource, and a soil rich in every element necessary to the production of everything grown in a warm and temperate climate. Here was an immense alluvial valley 700 to 800 feet above the sea, 500 miles from the Great Lakes, 1,000 miles from the Gulf, 1,500 miles from the Atlantic and 2,500 miles from the Pacific.

Here was the converging point; the conditions existed; Kansas City was evolved. The early history of Kansas City is full of interest. The city is said to have been founded in 1821, when the American Fur Company established a supply depot here. This was done on account of the city's location at the junction of the two rivers. In these early days, as now, navigable rivers were the highways of commerce. It is said, the time is not far distant when the Kansas, Missouri, Mississippi and Ohio rivers will be the great highways of travel, the like of which has not been seen in the world's history, and Kansas City will take her place as one of the world's capitals.

Some one has prophesied that with the opening of the canal, joining the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean (a clear navigation at all seasons of the year, barring ice, from Omaha to St. Louis, from St. Paul to New Orleans, from Pittsburgh to Cairo), Kansas City can make herself the world's granary. Wheat, corn, pork and beef are what the world (man and his domestic family) lives on, and Kansas City will some day be the world's greatest market for these staples. Kansas City gets its name from the Kansas river, which flows into the Missouri at this point, and the Kansas river gets its name from the tribe of Indians of that name who lived in this section. The Indian pronunciation of the name

was Kanzau, from which the abbreviation "Kaw" comes. The French explorers wrote the word "Kansas."

In 1825, the Indians surrendered their title to the land on which Kansas City stands. The following year, Jackson county was formed with Independence as the county seat. The many Indian tribes that were sent by the government to the territory west of Missouri made Kansas City their trading point. This was a great support to the town for many years. In 1832, the Mormons made settlements at Independence and Westport Landing (as Kansas City was then known), but a year later, the citizens drove them out and they continued their march westward. In 1824, when trade was established overland with Mexico, Kansas City became headquarters for fitting out the wagons. Freight was carried up the Missouri and unloaded here. The fine pasture around was also an inducement to the freighters to feed the horses and the oxen. This trade continued until the advent of the railroads, which now do the same thing as the wagons, carry Kansas City products and wares throughout the entire West and Southwest.

In 1860, Kansas City had a population of 4,418; to-day, its inhabitants number 250,000. In 1860, Kansas City had but two newspapers, both weeklies; to-day, it has four dailies—the *Journal*, the

Times, the *Star* and the *World*—and several weeklies. No city has made greater strides under more unfavorable circumstances than Kansas City. Like most other cities, the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 was a severe blow, its people having already had a taste of the coming strife in their border wars. No enmity of man for man was ever keener than that developed in Missouri and Kansas between the "Yankee" settlers from the East and the slave-owners. Kansas City had its experience already in the free-soil controversy and Kansas wars of John Brown, his sympathizers and followers. The city had a majority of loyal Unionists, but being in a hostile state, she was repeatedly visited by bands of "guerillas." Trade soon forsook her for Leavenworth and Atchison, and her population dwindled to one-half. The mayor, to protect the citizens from the secessionists, was obliged to organize a regiment of United States volunteers, and from this time the city was a military post until the close of the war.

Kansas City is 750 feet above sea-level, while Denver is one mile above, and is therefore more than seven times as high. Coming from Denver, the difference in the altitude of the two cities is very perceptible.

Kansas City is built upon hills, and it is difficult for one to go a block without having to climb one

of these hills, or go down one in the most gingerly fashion for fear one will lose his balance and topple over. The tourist, coming from Denver, with its level streets, wonders why progressive, enterprising Kansas City does not have a "shoot the chute" arrangement on some of these steep grades, or a hoisting machine, by which the more weighty of God's creatures may be lifted up and down without extraordinary effort, or excessive respiration.

Because of the steep grades throughout the city, there are few electric cars, nearly all the lines being cable. One of these cable-lines running over to Union Depot, goes down what is called the "incline"—we should be *inclined* to call it perpendicular, for the steep grade, running over a trestle-work as it does, reminds one of coming down Pike's Peak. To the uninitiated, riding down the "incline" for the first time is a thrilling experience, and makes one's hair stand on ends like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." There have been accidents here, but not many, and the greatest care is exercised by the car company to prevent them.

Kansas City, unlike the ancient metropolis, Rome, is not built upon seven hills, but to the writer it seemed to be built upon seventy times seven. Because it is built upon hills, Kansas City is a sort of *rara avis*. The occupants of its houses can go to the street from most any floor. We

were not a little amused because of this peculiar feature. When visiting one of the public buildings, we entered in the customary way, from the sidewalk. After "doing" the ground floor of the building, we ascended the stairs and were shown the sights on the second floor. As there was nothing to be seen of interest above, we made our exit at the rear of the second floor and were amazed to find ourselves on the sidewalk without descending any steps. Remarking on this, we were graciously informed that nearly every floor of the buildings in Kansas City was on a level with the street. From personal experience in climbing, it did not take us long to find this an apt illustration of its hilliness.

The climate of Kansas City is not unlike that of Maryland. In its normal state it is mild and salubrious, but, like the little girl of legendary lore, whose ungracious qualities we paraphrase, when it is hot, it is very, very hot; and when it is cold, it is horrid. August and September are the warmest months here, but this year October had her "innings." She wasn't going to be outrun in the race with the mercury, and let her sisters, August and September, outdo her, so she worked herself up to fever heat and above it, and in the middle of the month the mercury registered 94 degrees. "Do you often have this weather in Oc-

tober?" we asked one of the swear-by oldest inhabitants. "Oh, no," was the quick response, "this is altogether unusual, we haven't had a hot spell like this in October for over 30 years." Evidently, we were the "hoodoo," or maybe Kansas City was extending us an unusually warm welcome; but we preferred a cooler one, especially since we had left Colorado in furs, and now had to fish out of the bottom of our trunk a palm-leaf fan and organdies.

This is truly a great country where one can travel from the temperature of one zone into the temperature of another in the space of a night and day. On the 17th of last October there was snow on the ground in Kansas City, while on the 17th of this October the temperature was in the nineties. The winters here are unusually mild. December is often as pleasant as May. Driving is indulged in at Christmas the same as any other time in the year as a pastime and a pleasure, and poultry and stock can find outdoor pasture nine months in the year. Kansas City, like Annapolis, is a healthful place to live in. Her death-rate is small compared with other cities of her size. Kansas City's death-rate per thousand as compared with that of some other cities is: Memphis, 24; New Haven, 20; Baltimore, 19; Cambridge, 18; St. Louis, 17; Hartford, 17; Reading, 14; Dayton, O., 12; Kansas City, 10; Denver, 10.

To the geologist, Kansas City is extremely interesting. Its vicinity is interlaid with what geologists term the upper coal measures. Although these do not furnish coal, they furnish limestone and sandstone for building purposes, and also shales, fine clays and mineral paints. The city has unlimited stone quarries, the veins of which are from 16 to 18 feet thick. The bluff, or loess formation, has a thickness of some 80 feet; the clay from it makes excellent brick.

Much of the limestone is hydraulic, and cement is made from it. Kansas City has within itself all the facilities for building houses. There is also plenty of wood in the vicinity, and some one has said there are groves and groves of from 30- to 50-year trees, within 10 miles of Kansas City, that would furnish all the interior finishings builders would want. It is said, in this same territory wood is given away. The Kansas City people don't burn enough wood to make it an object of interest for the country people to haul it to town.

Kansas City is of prehistoric interest. In the masses of earth that have been hauled away from the hills in building the city, all sorts of curious relics have been found. Skeletons, one of which was eight feet; and many of the bones found were in masses of charcoal, tending to show that cremation was practiced even in those early days. Axe-

heads, flint-heads, and portions of stone-houses have been found in digging away these hills on which Kansas City is built. To its first settlers, the site of Kansas City presented a very rugged aspect. High bluffs, towering up from the river, here and there seamed by deep ravines, certainly appeared a very uninviting place, upon which to build a city.

The early settlers, however, never dreamed that their own town would extend farther than the level ground beyond the river. This ground is not now sufficient to accommodate the railroads, which have formed a belt, encircling the entire city; also Kansas City, Kansas, the city across the river, the name of which was formerly Wyandotte. Kansas City has now 22 railroad systems, with 58,-225 miles of track. It has two more roads than Chicago. The first railroad coming into Kansas City was the Missouri Pacific. It commenced building from St. Louis on July 4th, 1850, and reached Kansas City in September, 1865.

Kansas City's railroads traverse 30 States and Territories. 14 roads own their own terminals, and there are 1,550 miles of switch-track in the city. 190 passenger-trains and 337 freight-trains arrive and depart daily from Kansas City. Between 5,000 and 6,000 men are employed by the railroad here, and an average of 118,000 tons of freight is hauled daily.

Kansas City, being practically at the centre of this great spider-web of tracks, has the real control of the business originated there, and is the gateway through which must pass all passenger and freight business for this territory. The advantages afforded by the shipping facility and passenger convenience can be appreciated thoroughly only by those who realize the volume of trade of the southwest section. Having more railroads than Chicago, and the area covered by them being more extended, and more largely and variedly productive than the area penetrated by the Chicago lines, Kansas City's future is not in doubt.

If she ever expects to catch up with Chicago, however, she must, like her, get water-transportation. All great cities in the world's history have been built where they could reach the outside world by ships and steamers. There is no exception to this rule, either in ancient or modern times. What have the cities of Glasgow and Manchester done to bring the ships of the world to them? What did the State of New York do at Hell Gate, and New Orleans with her levees? What is Russia doing to connect her seas? Instances without limit can be cited to show how important water-navigation is considered to the successful commerce of a city.

Water-navigation is the handmaiden of railroad-transportation. When we can navigate the Mis-

souri river, the western roads will not have to pay that large tariff to the eastern lines in order to get their consignments to the seaboard; the Mississippi will not be the dividing line on the "long haul," but will be the starting and ending point, and the western roads will dictate tariffs to the eastern. The West dictates in politics, and so it will also in conveyance and transportation, which are virtually making the price of food-products for the world. Kansas City, as we have said, is built upon hills. Coming from the East, we should be tempted to call them mountains, had we not seen those towers of Colorado, the Rockies; these of Kansas City are, however, only *bluffs*.

The city has cut her streets through these bluffs, leaving them 20 to 50 feet high, to be subsequently lined with residences and gardens, which, when completed in its entirety, will make the city picturesque to a degree. This makes the city drainage perfect, and there is hardly any necessity to flush the sewers, although it is done. There was considerable newspaper comment recently, during the long spell of dry weather, about the necessity of flushing the sewers, and arrangements had been made by municipal authorities with the fire department to do the work. A good soaking rain came, however, after a drought of six weeks, and there was no need of flushing.

The public square of Kansas City is a relic of border times, when towns were built as forts around an open square for the purpose of defense. It is also copied from the Mexican style of laying off towns.

All that can be done is being done by Kansas Cityans to make their city a good place to live in. The days of a struggling new town, where all are after the acquisition of the dollar, is a thing of the past. Society here is charming. It is not the "society" which belongs to the old régime, the descendants of which are a long string of aristocratic, titled relatives besides their own immediate family, and no money in the pockets of any of them; but a society of intelligence and education has grown up, and has impressed its ideas upon the people, so that the public purse has been made to pay for the grandest improvements. Kansas City society stands for something. It is wide awake, active, expanding in policy and progressive in its men and methods, and from the time of its incipient foundation its motto has been "Onward."

Kansas City's society men are its leading business men. They are wide awake and progressive, and believe their city is on another "boom." Indeed Kansas City is always booming. The people say it came into the world on a boom, and has continued booming ever since, but this particular

boom that is on just now, is to be the best boom of all. When her system of parks, which will encircle the entire city, is completed, Kansas City will indeed be a very pretty city. Since she has relegated her smoky factories and packing houses to the bottoms and placed her residence streets conveniently far away upon the hills, there will be nothing to mar her picturesqueness; and fresh air and the scent of green foliage will be free. She has every modern convenience—electricity; cheap telephones; steam-heat-furnished houses and flats for rent; car service, reaching by transfer all parts of the town for five cents; stores, displaying the produce and manufactures of every country and clime; horse-markets; free libraries; public baths; public fountains, and everything the model city affords. Kansas City has 3,500 telephones in use; more, in proportion to her population, than any other city in the Union. There are no stores in Baltimore to compare with the leading stores in Kansas City. One of these is the elegant establishment of Emery, Bird and Thayer.

Of the 160 miles of street-car service in the two Kansas Cities, the Metropolitan Street Railway Company operates 150—almost a monopoly, but unlike other monopolies, most liberal in its policy. It has 31 transfer points, which, contrasted with other cities (St. Louis, for instance), is very much

in favor of popularizing street-car service in Kansas City.

The car-lines are electric and cable, and the cars are the most modern, comfortable and safe, and the service, polite and careful. The company carries between forty and forty-five million passengers every year, and issues between fifty and seventy-five thousand transfers every day. You can get a nine-mile car-ride in Kansas City for five cents.

Gas is still an important factor in lighting the streets of Kansas City, and gas-lamps are to be seen everywhere. The gas-works have a maximum capacity for a city of 560,000. There are 225 miles of main, and the annual consumption is 700,000,000 feet. The cost of gas is $1 per 1,000. The gas company pays 2 per cent of its gross receipts to the city. There are 18,000 gas-stoves and ranges in use in Kansas City. Several leading electric systems of the world are represented here by active working plants, among which are the Edison, the Sperry, the Fort Wayne, and the Thompson-Houston system.

Kansas City was the first city in the world to recognize the value of the patents of Prof. Elihu Thompson, by installing a plant of apparatus of the Thompson-Houston system, which has since been most largely introduced and generally recognized as the standard in arc lighting. Electricity is used

for many purposes besides those of arc and incandescent lighting. It runs elevators, printing-presses, stationary machinery of all kinds, besides being largely and increasingly employed in traction work. In Kansas City, may also be witnessed such novel uses of this important force as welding, soldering, horse-currying and clipping, hair-crimping, cooking and search-light applications. Electricity is also used here quite extensively in dentistry and surgery, and from the various plants may be procured currents of all kinds, alternating or continuous, in any voltage and any quantity required.

Kansas City has numerous large and handsome banks, beside trust companies, savings institutions and loan associations. Kansas City, Missouri, with Kansas City, Kansas, is a larger community than Milwaukee, and is the sixteenth city in population in the Union. It is the ninth city in bank clearings. The exchange of money is the barometer of trade. In 1898, Kansas City's bank clearings amounted to $580,000,000. What clearer proof is there that Kansas City has more than her normal share of business? Her bank clearings and sales are almost identical in amount. The capital of national and state banks here is $7,500,000; deposits, $39,200,000.

Kansas City owns her own water-plant. Would that Annapolis did! The water-works are now the

city's property, and at an original cost to it of $3,100,000, are a paying investment. The receipts for 1897 were $415,000. There are three reservoirs with 86,000,000 gallons capacity, and with a pumping capacity of 31,000,000 gallons in 24 hours. The direct-pressure system is used. Like all other cities that take their water from the Missouri river, the Kansas City consumers, if they want clear water, have to do their own filtering.

Club life is an important factor in Kansas City society. Society everywhere, as here, could not do without the clubs, for the clubs are the spirit and elixir of society. One finds few "thorough society" men here who are not club men, and society and club life are more or less synonymous. Get into one, and you have a fair opportunity of getting into the other. There are between 25 and 30 clubs in Kansas City, many of which have commodious and handsome quarters, and club life here is found in every form—the athletic and sporting clubs to the bicycle and gun clubs. The gun club of Kansas City holds some of the world's records for both trap shooting and target practice.

Kansas City has 93 churches, the Roman Catholic church having the largest number of edifices—19, the Presbyterian next—13.

It is a thoroughly metropolitan city in all things, and yet it has inhabitants who pay no rent. These

are not cave-dwellers, as they are in London and New York, dwelling under the arches of great bridges and in foundations, but squatters in tents and log-houses along the river bank and on vacant lots, seemingly no man's property. With all the police vigilance, with all the grand free schools and manual-training schools (of which we shall speak later), it seems to be impossible not to have in this vicinity, these disciples of Diogenes.

At the head and front of all that is progressive and enterprising, with its indomitable workers who have her commercial interests at heart, Kansas City revels in the fact of "the only Kansas City," so far as America is concerned anyway.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, FIRE DEPARTMENT, LIBRARY AND SCHOOLS.

Kansas City, like all other western cities, has a large number of handsome public buildings. Many of these are built after the fashion of the Chicago sky-scrapers.

One of the largest and handsomest of Kansas City's business blocks is the New York Life Insurance Building. This building is 17 stories high and cost over a million dollars. It is built of red brick and brown sandstone, with marble trimmings.

The interior on the lower floor is elegantly finished in marble tiling and mosaic work, highly polished. The ceiling and side walls are artistically decorated with floral designs in gilt. Besides being the headquarters for the New York Life, the building is occupied by offices and banks, the Fidelity Trust Company being located in commodious quarters on the first floor.

Few have the privilege of visiting the tower at the top of the building. Fortunately we were

among the few, and after securing passes, were lifted above the "common herd" and had a fine view of the city from the tower at the top of the 17-story New York Life Building.

There is no fire department in the United States with a system which has attained such a degree of perfection as the one in Kansas City. It was our pleasure to visit the headquarters of this famous fire department, and to witness several fire drills here. The Kansas City Fire Department, in 1895, carried off first honors in London, England, in a competitive exhibition, over all comers. This department will be represented at the Paris Exposition in 1900. In its management and efficiency the fire department is the pride of Kansas City, and to this is due the low loss by fires here. Its present status is: 7 steam-engines, 19 hose-reels, 1 water-tower, 5 hook-and-ladders, 2 insurance patrols, and 1 reporter.

There are 21 fire-engine houses in Kansas City, and 77 head of horses in use in the service of the fire department. The force consists of 160 men, 18 watch-boys, 1 secretary, 1 master mechanic, 1 chief and 2 assistants. The chief is George C. Hale, an inventor of several useful machines used by the department. Among Chief Hale's invaluable inventions is the water-tower. It is 85 feet in height, and throws an inch of water to the foot.

Another invention of the Chief's is the double and single set of swinging harness, also the combination automatic telephone, telegraph and graphophone, which if set in motion by the heat in a burning building, arouses those who are asleep, and tells them exactly where the fire is. The arrangement is most complete and unique. The assistant chief showed us how it worked, but to do so, he had first to light a piece of paper and hold the flame to the wire attached to the machine, as only heat of this sort will set it going.

All the public buildings, stores and business houses of Kansas City have this wonderful invention of Chief Hale's, and think it invaluable. If there is a fire at Armour's packing house in the middle of the night, this combination machine will awaken Mr. Armour at his home in the city, and tell him distinctly, "A fire in the Armour Company packing house," naming the exact floor or part of the building burning. It is impossible to describe the mechanism of this machine; to appreciate it, one must see it work.

The dispatch with which the horses are hooked to the engine and hose-carriage or hook-and-ladder, here, takes one's breath. There was an exhibition given for our benefit. In one and a half seconds from the time the alarm was sounded, the double-horse team was in the street, and within

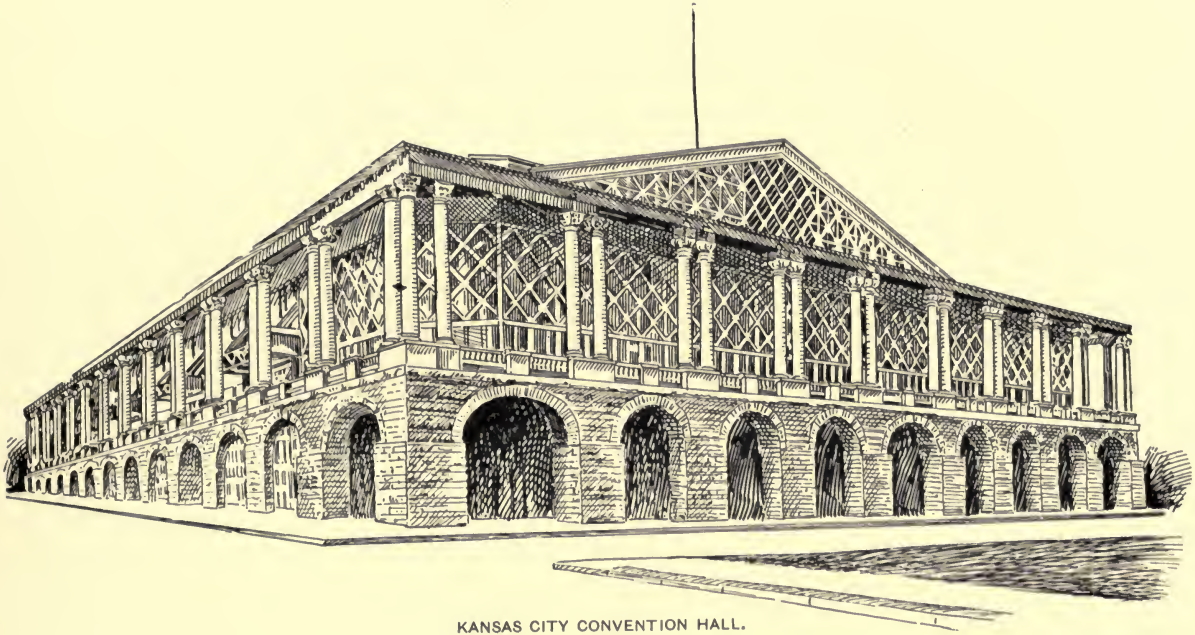
three seconds, the four-horse truck. As the gong sounds, each horse is in his place, the swinging harness drops, the men clasp it, and all is done and the horses and truck are out in the street before one has time to take his breath.

During the year, there has been added to the service a new fire-alarm system. The new system was installed July 1st, 1898, and consists of a metallic circuit—the switch-board being placed at Fire Department Headquarters, where all alarms are received and transferred. Each engine-house is provided with a long-distance telephone. The system is divided into six circuits, which are so arranged that by throwing a switch, all engine-houses on the different circuits can be instantly connected into one circuit. When an alarm of fire is given from a subscriber's telephone, it comes direct to the Central Telephone office; the operator there transfers the same over a trunk line to the operator at Fire Headquarters, thus putting him in instant communication with the subscriber who is giving the location of the fire; the operator at Fire Headquarters, on receiving the location of the fire, immediately transfers the same, by throwing a switch and giving the location of the alarm to all the engine-houses at the same time. This system is also connected with the Fire and Police Signal boxes, located on the street corners in different parts of the

city. There are in service 120 signal boxes which are connected directly with the switch-board at Fire Headquarters. When the boxes are used for fire-alarm purposes, the number of each box is recorded through a relay, and the number appears on a tape; in addition to having the location thus recorded, the operator is placed in direct communication with the police officer or citizen giving the location of the fire, thus enabling the fire department to ascertain the exact location of the fire, which often proves of great value in locating fires in large buildings and unfamiliar places. The use of the telephone in connection with the fire-alarm boxes very often enables an officer or citizen to communicate with Fire Headquarters and turn in an alarm of fire at some distant location of the city.

Kansas City has several libraries, but her new public library is the one which attracted us, and of which we shall speak. The library was opened to the public in 1895 in a new and handsome granite building of two and a half stories, built after the Greek style of architecture, and occupying half a block.

Engraven in granite around the exterior of the building are the names of famous poets and men of letters, such as Bryant, Whittier, Irving, Emerson, Agassiz and others. The library contains 47,000



KANSAS CITY CONVENTION HALL.

volumes, 5,600 of which are juvenile books. The school board keeps the Children's Library intact, appropriating funds for that purpose. It is customary in the children's room to placard the dates of celebrated historical events.

On October 19th, the day of our visit, at the entrance to this room was displayed a placard telling that this was "Cornwallis' Day," and the anniversary of the close of the Revolutionary War. In Annapolis it was celebrated as "Peggy Stewart Day." The idea is a good one, and calls to the mind of the school children (large numbers of whom visit here daily), the important events in history. We were delighted to see so many children reading historical books in this room and looking for references on some school topic, with their school-books beside them.

The establishment of a public library is the chief event in the history of a city's intellectual progress. From the amount of money expended in this way, more healthful entertainment is to be had from the reading of books and newspapers than from anything else. Society is what men and women seek, and a good book is the best companion one can generally find. Kansas City's library cost $200,000. In the rotunda of the library is a handsome brass memorial tablet to George Sheidley, the Kansas City philanthropist, who bequeathed $25,-

000 for the public library. We were impressed with several inscriptions painted in conspicuous places in the rotunda; one of which was: "There is nothing that solidifies and strengthens a nation like reading of the nation's own history; whether that history is recorded in books, embodied in customs, institutions or monuments."

The American people are greedy for knowledge, and eminently recognize that the printing-press is the greatest agent in the dissemination of knowledge. To this end there is a reading-room, where beside books, are to be found files of newspapers of all the prominent eastern and western cities. Here, the traveler, provided he hails from a city of any degree of importance, may go and read his town's papers to his heart's content. On the second floor of the library are the Art Gallery, Woman's Club Room (these western cities revel in women's clubs, of which there are any number), High School room, Board of Education room, and rooms of the superintendent and assistant superintendent of schools. In the Art Gallery is a collection of handsome paintings loaned by the Art Association here. In this collection are 23 oil-paintings by Raphael, del Sarto, Titian, Fra Angelico, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Murillo and others —all the works of the best European copyists, from the gallery of L. Pisani, Florence.

The paintings are the same size as the originals, and framed identically. The collection, which is known as the best collection of art in the West, was presented to the Kansas City Art School by William R. Nelson in 1896, with the essential conditions that all fees charged for admission were to be devoted to purchase additions to the collection, and that the gallery be open on Sundays. The painting of the Sistine Madonna is the best copy in existence. Another very handsome work of art in this collection is an allegorical scene of "Wind, Showers, Spring." The Three Graces, Venus and Mercury. It cost $4,500 and weighs 500 pounds. The basement of the library building is set apart as a museum, and is filled with all kinds of curiosities, war relics, Indian curios, and so forth. Kansas City is proud of her public library, and she has reason to be, as it shows the great strides she has made intellectually as well as in every other way. She has seven other libraries beside this one of which we have spoken.

What shall we say of the Kansas City schools? Indeed, there is so much to be said, we scarcely know where to begin. The first public schoolhouse was erected in Kansas City in 1868—think of it! only 31 years ago! and to-day, no State in the Union has better schools and greater educational facilities than Kansas City. Boston, the Athens of

America, as old as she is, one of the first Puritan settlements, had better look to her educational laurels, lest the infantile city of the mid-continent wrest them from her. The present number of Kansas City's school-buildings is 26 white and 8 colored. There are in all 500 teachers here. The white children attending school are 18,912, the colored, 2,608. The assessed valuation of the public schools in Kansas City is $64,000,000. Among the schools ("Ward Schools" as the grammar schools are called), it was our pleasure to visit, was the Whittier school. This is one of the best conducted and most thoroughly equipped schools in the city, and is situated at the corner of Indiana and Peery avenues. There are enrolled here between 900 and 1,000 pupils, with an average attendance of 850. The principal is Mrs. Josephine Heermans, whose salary is $175 per month. She has 17 assistants, whose salaries range from $65 to $75 per month. The teacher of the kindergarten department, whose hours are from 9 a. m. to 12 m., receives $50 per month. Western teachers, you see, are much better paid than those in the East.

There are no separate primary and grammar schools in the West as in the East. The two are consolidated and taught in the same building. Nearly every school has its kindergarten department, taught by three-year graduates of some well-

known kindergarten schools of instruction. People in the West believe in the kindergarten work, and have proved its efficacy in pupils who have gone into the High School all the way from the kindergarten as the beginning.

Recently, a Kansas City High School student said he had no trouble whatever with geometry. It seemed to him he had studied it all his life, so natural were the figures. Then he recalled that he had learned these same figures and angles in his folding work in the kindergarten, years before. We hope to see a kindergarten department in the Annapolis school in the near future; for kindergarten, taught philosophically, prepares the child for that which is to follow, makes him think and reason, teaches form, color and outlines, and lays the foundation for future usefulness. It makes school a pleasure for the little ones and yet prepares them, step by step, for the graded department.

At this particular kindergarten on this particular occasion, the children were being taught the different fruits and vegetables, their outline and color. To impress this, cards were given them on which they outlined in worsteds of appropriate color the fruit in question. Some of the work was very well done. Then, they were taught about the growth and cultivation of this fruit, and supposing they were farmers and some of them city people at

the stores and markets, they bought and sold their products. The supposition was almost as realistic as was David Harum's horse-trading "supposin' twar'n't Sunday." Children enter the primary or kindergarten departments, as parents prefer, at the age of six, and graduate into the Central or Manual Training High School at the age of fourteen.

The first-year primary class is perhaps one of the most interesting in the Whittier school. The teacher, Miss Baker, is bright and happy, and enthused with her work; naturally the class is what the teacher is, an unusually bright and interesting set of little ones, as interested in their work as their teacher. Miss Baker's method is the Cornell method of teaching the little ones from paper dolls and mounted pictures. They were having a lesson from the picture-cards when we visited them. It was really a lesson in Greek mythology, which seems preposterous to teach children of six years old, but which to be appreciated, must be seen. The little ones are taught the contour of the Greek face, the features and the Greek style of dress. They handle the pictures as tenderly as they would their dolls, and when the teacher asked for those who would like to tell the story of the pictures, all hands went up, and all were anxious to tell.

A few were chosen, and we shall not soon forget

how intelligently these little tots told who was Zeus, Apollo, Aurora and other gods and goddesses represented in the pictures they held. Some one may ask of this method of teaching, "What is the worth while?" We know of no better answer than a conversation that took place between the teacher and a little six-year-old. "Oh, Miss Baker, guess whom I saw this morning?" "I don't know, Mary," said the teacher, "tell me." "I got up very early this morning," said the little one, "and I saw Aurora." "And what color did she wear?" asked the teacher. "Oh, she was all in a bright rose color," said the child, showing the conception she had formed of the goddess of the morning. The class study the art pictures, and the dialogue lessons are interesting and helpful. The children learn to express themselves well, and this means much. The teacher is doing a wonderful work which will tell for itself later on.

There is one bad feature in the Kansas City schools, which seriously affects the progress of work in the kindergarten and primary departments, and this is that children are permitted to enter school any day in the year. This disorganizes the classes and makes more work for the teacher, and is unfortunate for the child. For the best interests of all concerned, children should only be allowed to enter school twice a year, in September and February.

Calisthenics is taught in the Whittier school after the German system of Carl Betz. The method of teaching geography here is very successful. It takes away from that study, distasteful to most pupils, the grind and humdrum part of it. It broadens their ideas and teaches the children what man is here for, how he has built cities and made towns. It teaches them of the raw materials, the manufacture, the product, the distribution. The lessons are divided into 18 topics, and two weeks are given to each topic. Reading is also taught in a most interesting and profitable manner in the Whittier school. Great attention is paid to supplementary reading. The children in all grades read comprehensively and exceedingly well. They demonstrate the conception of what they have read by writing an extract of the reading lesson in their own language. At first, we were inclined to doubt the wisdom of putting such reading into the hands of the children, but reading the extracts was the "proof of the pudding." The third grade read Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." The fourth grade read Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," and "The Tempest." The fifth grade read Bryant's translation of Homer's "Odyssey" and "Miles Standish." The sixth grade read "The Merchant of Venice" (the Riverside Park edition)

and "Evangeline." The seventh grade read six books of the "Iliad," "Julius Caesar," "Henry V.," "Macbeth," "Emerson's Essays" and "The Lady of the Lake."

Such reading as this gives the children power. It gives the pupil grasp in all parts of his work, and is a pleasure to the high schools, when these pupils enter there well trained, well drilled and ready to take up the more advanced work. The Whittier school is only one of the perfectly conducted ward schools of Kansas City, and typical of what these excellent schools are. It is not a difficult matter to discern that western people think and believe "education is the chief defence of nations," and that "our schools are all the days and nights of our existence."

CHAPTER XIV.

BITS OF THE CITY'S PROGRESS—HER POSTOFFICE, PARKS AND THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

One of Kansas City's principal streets is Baltimore avenue, which bids fair to have a succession of fine buildings upon it. The Equitable Life Insurance Company of New York has just selected a site upon this avenue where it will build a $1,000,000 structure. The Physicians' Building and the Labor Temple are two other edifices that will shortly be put up, and will add $1,500,000 more to Baltimore avenue. But the most important building upon this thoroughfare, to the heart of a Baltimorean, is the magnificent new hotel, The Baltimore, completed at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, and opened to the public for the first time on June 10th last. It is one of the finest hotels in America, and will compare most favorably with the best of them in New York. The Baltimore was built by Mr. Bernard Corrigan, a millionaire Irishman. Mr. Corrigan's wife is a native of Baltimore, and she was permitted to christen the new hotel—hence its name.

The decoration of The Baltimore follows the Greek style in coloring and architecture. Retreating panels in circular form are enriched with cartouches combining the elements of the Baltimore arms, adapted in their form and proportion to classic types. The Baltimore arms are also prominent in the dining-room, which is a handsome colonial interior.

Kansas City does not mind spending money to please her people. She believes in enterprise and progress whether the cost to obtain it be large or small. Every year, the city spends any amount of money on the streets, and has adopted one of the finest systems of sprinkling the principal thoroughfares every night. At the parks, six months in the year, free entertainments are given, such as band concerts, theatricals, picnics, electric pictures, and so forth, only costing the car-ride to and from the park to see them. And what of her parks? The city has been wisely planned for future development. Her advantages created some difficulties and suggested some improvements. After the proper location of railways, by which every part of the city is easily reached, then the enterprise of these lines established beautiful private parks.

Among these are Troost, Budd, Washington and Fairmount—embracing many hundred acres. To supplement this, the city acquired by gift from one

of her own citizens, a magnificent natural park of 1,134 acres. It has a frontage of nearly three miles along the Blue river, and is so diversified by stream, hill, valley, forest, meadow, some precipitous bluffs and deep ravines, that the highest achievements of the landscape gardener and the master touches of nature's handiwork may each be seen at a turn in the road. This great gift was appropriately acknowledged by a public acceptance, June 25th, 1896, attended by nearly 20,000 people. Fairmount Park does not belong to the city, but is owned by a company. It contains 60 acres; is well managed, and its beauties are enjoyed in summer by Kansas City's thousands. Its superintendent is one Mr. Warfield. There are a number of cottages at the park occupied by Kansas City people during the heated months.

There are a large dancing-pavilion, theatre, rustic summer-houses, an artificial lake, together with various attractive features characteristic of all parks. It is reached by electric railway and carriage road, and is about seven miles from the city. With its numerous inside parks, connected with the general system, Kansas City promises to be one of the brightest and prettiest cities as well as one of the healthiest and happiest.

The present Kansas City postoffice is nothing to boast of. Business is being done in an old build-

ing which is very dilapidated and much the worse for wear. A handsome and commodious government building of granite is in process of construction near by. It has been eight years in building, and the delay in finishing it is a great source of annoyance to the postoffice officials here, who are much overcrowded in their work. There seems to be no definite time set for its completion, however, but when completed it will have cost over $2,000,000. One would never take the tall, heavily-set country farmer with chin whiskers *a la* hayseed variety, for the postmaster; but this is he, and his name and title make him known to the world as Col. S. F. Scott.

He must be a politician with a big "pull" or he never could have been appointed postmaster, for he knows absolutely nothing about the workings of the office over which he is supposed to reign supreme. We began to question him as to the receipts, management, and so forth, and after a series of "I don't know's" he politely informed us we were "too much for him" and as politely turned us over to another gentleman with an unpronounceable and an unspellable name. He in turn turned us over to some one else, and we began to despair lest we were "too much" for the whole postoffice department. There is always luck in three's, and the third gentleman (a Mr. Jarboe),

who at least knew *his* business, politely showed us the internal arrangements of the Kansas City post-office. To him, we are indebted for much of the following information: There are seven lady clerks employed in this office, two of whom work in the city mailing department, and five who do clerical work or serve at the stamp windows. Last year there were $600,000 worth of stamps sold at this office. Twelve to fifteen tons of mailing matter pass through the Kansas City office daily. The letter-mail alone amounts to from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds daily, and there are from 11 to 12 tons of second-class matter per day. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, this amounts to 22 tons, because the weekly papers on these days increase the mail's weight.

To the assistant superintendent, Mr. D. F. Clawges, we are also indebted for information. Small letters are a great source of annoyance at the postoffice, also letters containing keys, coins and other hard substances. These are sometimes torn open by the stamping machine and cause trouble. And what shall we say of the stamping machine—this wonderful evidence of man's genius, thought and mechanism! The Barr-Fyke machine for stamping letters is the one in popular favor. This is the invention of a Kansas City man, Mr. Barr, a railway postal clerk on the Sante Fé

Road, who not having the time to perfect the machine, enlisted the interest of Mr. Fyke, also a Kansas City man. Running regularly, the Barr-Fyke machine stamps easily 40,000 letters per hour, but under pressure it may stamp from 60,000 to 100,000 per hour. The die, with date, and so forth, is changed every half-hour.

We saw the stamping machine in operation both in Denver and in Kansas City and the result was wonderful. This office also operates the Barry Postal Supply Company's stamping machine, manufactured in Oswego, N. Y.; but this does not work as smoothly as the Barr-Fyke, and will not stamp postal cards. The machines are worked by an electric motor. The Barr-Fyke machine has needles, and the Barry machine is worked by a belt arrangement.

The Kansas City postoffice is complete in its management. There are 94 carriers, 14 substitutes and 89 clerks. Each carrier works 8 hours per day, and is supposed to walk 18 to 20 miles daily. There is no body of men who do their work at the office with more dispatch, and without orders, than these carriers. Each man knows his work and does it in the best possible manner in the least possible time. The carriers mark the time of their arrival and departure from the office by means of a key, corresponding with their numbers, that registers automatically on an electric clock.

In Kansas City, as in Denver, the carrier delivering the mail will also collect it from the residents when desired, a great accommodation for those not wishing to go to the nearest box, sometimes two or three blocks away. The carriers in the West herald their approach by a whistle, like that of the watchman's in the East. There are only 275 letter-boxes in Kansas City, a small number for a city of 225,000 inhabitants. The heaviest mail is that for the Bank of Commerce and the Armour Packing Company. The former at one delivery frequently receives a mail-pouch full of letters, and the mail for the Armour Company is so heavy they send a wagon to the office for it.

In a previous chapter, we have spoken of one of the Ward schools of Kansas City, which are preparatory to the high schools. Two years ago, there were three high schools here, two large and one small, beside a colored high school. The three high schools are now consolidated and the Central High School, an elegant and commodious building, corner of Eleventh and Locust streets, is the one high school of the city, with its adjunct, the Manual Training School. The Central High School has a seating capacity of 1,678 pupils, and an average attendance of 1,500 pupils. There are 50 teachers in the building, about equally divided in number between males and females. Of the 25,000 pupils in

enrollment in the Kansas City public schools, 3,000 of these are in the high and manual training schools.

Two lady clerks are employed in the office of the high school, one, a graduate of Ann Arbor, acts in the capacity of substitute in case of sickness or absence among the regular corps of teachers. In the office are large blackboards showing the hours of recitation in the various departments of school work, and one may glance at the board and know just what study is being taught in each room, and by what teacher. Another good feature is that the attendance is registered on this board, and at a glance the visitor may see just how many pupils are in school that day, how many absent and how many tardy. This does away with the annoyance of looking into the roll-book to satisfy the Board of Trustees on this point. One of the lady clerks attends to this work, besides receiving excuses for absence and tardiness, thus relieving the principal of this duty.

The principal of the High School is Prof. E. C. White, with Prof. I. I. Cammack as assistant principal. The school is graded very much like a college, the classes being Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior. The average age of graduation is between 17 and 18 years, although one bright boy in the present senior class is but 15 years of

age. The Kansas City High School cost $35,000. The people are proud of their high school, and justly so. They think nothing too good for the schools in the West, and the sooner this feeling is cultivated in Annapolis the better for her home school. Last year's graduating class numbered 243, the year previous 253, and this year's class numbers 300 graduates. All the schools in the West are co-educational, but the girls are in the majority, being 2 to 1. High schools here call at 8.30 a. m. and close at 1 p. m. There are six recitation periods, during the day, of 45 minutes each.

At the close of the period, electric bells ring in all rooms in the building, and the change is made in various departments of study. Pupils who do not recite go to the study-hall. A number of studies are elective, and open to individual students as their powers qualify. To those not taking all branches, the intermediate period is employed in the study-hall under the supervision of a teacher. The seating capacity of this room is 200. Of the six recitation periods, there are four in which every student is compelled to recite, the other two are optional.

The principal is a western man and a graduate of the Missouri University; the assistant principal, beside being an A. B. of a western university, has taken a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins,

Baltimore. Among the interesting departments visited, was the chemical laboratory, where Prof. Peters was experimenting with hydrogen gas before a well-prepared class of bright students. The class in mathematical astronomy, and that in literature, where the teacher was giving a lecture on Chaucer, were also very interesting.

Five languages are taught in the school beside English, viz.: French, German, Latin, Greek and Spanish. Although Chicago not long since claimed that she was first to introduce into her public schools the study of Spanish, that language has been taught for the past five years in the Kansas City High School.

This country, being contiguous to Spanish territory, Spanish is essential to business and trade, and is therefore taught in the public schools here. The teacher of Greek is a young lady, a graduate of Ann Arbor. Greek is an elective course, but the classes are large, the teacher being exceedingly popular. The Latin teacher is Prof. Minckwitz, son of the noted professor of that name at Munich. No higher compliment could be paid Prof. Minckwitz than that his Latin books have been recently adopted as text-books in the schools of New York city by the board of education there.

In the department of physical geography, each pupil is provided with a mounted globe. The in-

structor finds study from these globes much more profitable than from maps, especially in studying meridians and circles and determining longitude and latitude. This class, at the time of our visit, was analyzing limestone found in localities near Kansas City.

In the botanical laboratory, the class was studying the commercial sponge beneath a powerful magnifying glass. In the room where drawing is taught, where the talent, latent in so many public-school children, is developed in these Kansas City boys and girls, the pupils were busy copying from models and still life. Here were models for anatomy-drawing, and flowers, fruits and birds. Later on, they will be taught to draw from life, and models will pose in historic costume and character for the class.

A novel feature of these western schools is that they each have a matron. She is a kind-hearted, motherly woman, fond of children, and interested in their welfare. To her room, which is large, comfortable and home-like, the sick and ailing children are sent. She looks after their comfort and ministers to their wants, and if the case is serious, telephones for a carriage and has them sent to their homes. On wet days, she sees that the pupils remove wet clothing and shoes for dry ones. She is a friend to all the girls, and to the motherless, a

mother. Some pupils come from homes not blest with this world's goods. These, the matron sees, are provided with warm winter-clothing and such things as are needful. A great amount of good is accomplished by the matron, whose Christian life and character cannot fail to have a beneficial influence throughout the entire school.

One of the pupils of the Central High School, Arthur Thompson, a bright lad of 14, is ambitious to enter the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, and to this end he is preparing himself. He told the professors of his desire to graduate from the school that sent out Dewey, Schley and Sampson, and they have taken a peculiar interest in the boy, and are encouraging him in every possible manner. He has a bright face and converses intelligently, and to all appearances is blest with such qualities of grit, nerve, ambition and determination as Deweys and Schleys are made of.

The Kansas City Central High School is an institution that shows the city's advancement along the line of education. "Knowledge is power" and the young man and young woman here are made to know and feel its power in these monuments of learning in the West.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US—MUNICIPAL HEADQUARTERS—THE KANSAS CITY JAIL—OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and so it is with the articles of sustenance that go to support the prophet's life. One has to come West to know what others think of us and our oyster- and fish-produce in Maryland. There is a "Maryland Oyster House" in Denver, but we turned up our noses at the very idea of eating oysters so far away from base.

At Kansas City, we were not a little amused to see on the *menu* of a fashionable café, "crab meat *a la* Maryland"; under oysters, "Baltimore extra selects"; under lobsters, "Baltimore *a la* Mali," the prices of these exclusive Maryland dishes varying from 50 to 75 cents per single serve. Maryland is famous everywhere for her luscious bivalves and shell-fish.

Most buildings in Kansas City, even though comparatively new, are dirty and smoky looking, because of so many factories, perhaps. In this re-

spect, Kansas City is the Pittsburgh of the West. One cannot wear linen and have it spotless very long here. A man in duck trousers would be a novel sight on the streets of Kansas City, and a lady cannot wear a white dress more than once. Little specks of greasy smut float about in the air, and lodge everywhere. These same greasy particles of soot are no respecters of persons, and one riding in the street-cars soon gets a dirty face.

The City Hall, though comparatively a new building, is very dingy looking. It occupies one block, and is seven stories high. In the "60's," the ground on which the municipal headquarters now stand could have been purchased for $200; but to-day, it could not be purchased for $200,000, so great has been the boom in Kansas City real estate. We cannot speak too highly of the courtesy shown us at the City Hall by the officials, and the interest they took in explaining the workings of the several departments there. The Kansas City police department has 140 patrolmen, 10 sergeants, 4 lieutenants, 4 captains and 10 detectives.

Several rooms in the City Hall are appropriated by the detective department. Here is to be found a gruesome array of knives, pistols, clubs, and so forth, each of which has a history, and most of which have been instruments of death.

Here are dark lanterns that have figured in rob-

beries; one of them is the lantern of the notorious Kennedy, the train-robber. There are paraphernalia of opium joints, and gold bricks that confidence men have palmed off on the unwary.

Here is the rogues' gallery, where there are over 1,000 photographs of men and women thieves. Among these is the picture of Jesse James, the bandit, and the Taylor brothers, who killed a caravan of Mormons. There have been seven hangings in Kansas City, the gruesome evidences of which—the hangman's knots—are displayed here in the cases. In the detective departments there are whole outfits of burglars' tools, and implements for safe-robbery.

The old method of photographing criminals for future identification is replaced by the new one of measurement. This is called the Bertillion system, named for its inventor, a Frenchman. By this method the criminal is measured—head, trunk, limbs—and his entire measurement recorded. It is always accurate, and no two individual measurements are identical. The record of the measurement is in the nature of a cipher, and if three numbers are telegraphed by the police of another city relative to a criminal, the officials immediately recognize that criminal's identity by means of the Bertillion system. The system is considered invaluable.

Perhaps the most unique and complete arrangement in any of the departments is that in the telephone office. Here, the chief operator is kept busy. His is no sinecure position, for every two minutes some officer calls up, reports and asks if there is anything new. There is an automatic register that records by telegraphy the name of each officer, his number and the box from which he is reporting. There can be no mistake, and no officer can report for another by this arrangement.

The fire and police alarms are unique. There are 120 boxes, and in less than an hour every officer knows of every accident, fire or anything of interest to the department, that has happened throughout the city. Citizens are furnished with emergency keys, and in case an officer is not about at the time of a fire or an accident, they can turn in the alarm to the department.

We visited the noted Kansas City police court, where so many famous cases have been tried. The Humane Society has its offices in the City Hall. The agent is Col. J. C. Greenman, an officer of the Civil War. He takes great interest in the work, and has enlisted the sympathy of the public school children, 4,000 of whom are enrolled as members of the Band of Mercy, and who declare they will "speak for those who cannot speak for themselves." The Kansas City jail does not compare with the

Baltimore jail which is the pink of cleanliness and in perfect sanitary condition; this one is not. Kansas City is in Jackson county, and is one of the two county seats, the other being Independence. There are, therefore, two county jails. There is also a county marshal, who attends to all of the criminal business of the county.

The fact of the county having two county jails, which were provided by a special act of the Legislature, is a little puzzling to strangers. There are fifteen deputies. The Kansas City jail has at present 155 prisoners, 60 of whom are negroes, and 20 of whom are females. Five are in for murder, awaiting trial. In this State they never hang a woman. A negress in jail here who confessed the murder for which she was arrested, is serving a term of 50 years. There have been only seven hangings in this State—the last execution was on March 30th, of this year. Lynching is unknown here. The prisoners are fed twice a day, at 7.30 a. m. and 1.30 p. m. Good, wholesome food is served them from a neat and clean kitchen. The cooking is done by steam. It was a sorrowful sight to see a number of children among the prisoners, one a boy of only 11 years, who had snatched a pocket-book. A white boy of 13 years said he was there for stealing a horse, but that his father had "put him up to it."

What amount of *home* missionary work there is

for the good people who want to evangelize the world! Among the prisoners is the notorious Imboden, a relative of the General of that name. He is an extremely clever fellow, and well educated. He started a bank in Kansas City on 35 cents, "roped in" the moneyed men of the town, and bought out two other banks, all on 35 cents. Another of the distinguished (?) prisoners is a first sergeant in the United States Signal Corps, who saw active service during the late war with Spain, and who was in the charge on San Juan Hill. He is in jail here for having stolen a lot of copper wire belonging to the government. He is an interesting talker, and well informed on Cuba and Porto Rico, and took pleasure in showing us a number of pictures he had photographed of various scenes at those places.

Missouri is said to have the largest penitentiary in the United States, in which there are at present 2,600 prisoners. In the county jail of Kansas City there are at present 49 prisoners serving time, and 65 at the Independence jail; the others are awaiting trial. A chain-gang of the prisoners serving time in the jails of both county seats is to be formed, and the men put to work on the county roads. The county doesn't believe in supporting the prisoners in idleness for an indefinite number of years.

One of the most delightful places to visit in

Kansas City is the Elks' Home, corner of 7th street and Grand avenue. The club house and grounds occupy a space of 112 by 113 feet, and cost $40,000. The building is the Wisconsin building from the World's Fair, and was brought here from Chicago in sections. Indeed, the Elks' handsome club house is made up of three buildings from the World's Fair—the Indiana, the Fisheries and Wisconsin buildings.

On entering the foyer, decorated with palms and tropical plants, and hung with elegant tapestry and handsome oil-paintings, the mellow light from the large stained-glass windows above the double stairway of the Wisconsin building sheds a subdued glow; and one stands charmed for a moment by the pleasing effect, which is indeed artistic. There are 340 members of the B. P. O. E., No. 26, of Kansas City. Of these a large number are bachelors, and have sleeping apartments at the club, where the dormitory is handsomely furnished.

The second floor of the building is appropriated for reading-rooms, pool-rooms and the lodge-room. In the last mentioned is the mounted head of an elk, a very fine specimen. It has twelve antlers, six on either side of the head, and is illuminated with a red, white and blue incandescent light, and the effect is very beautiful. This head has been in possession of the Kansas Elks for over 20 years.

In another room are the horns of a steer which measure seven feet from tip to tip. One of the billiard tables, exquisitely carved, took a prize at the World's Fair. There are also several handsome paintings here from the World's Fair, and a number of pictures of Indians in costumes made of elks' teeth. When one realizes the elk has only two teeth, he can appreciate how long it takes to accumulate enough for a garment, and how valuable it must necessarily be.

One of the handsomest apartments in the Elks' Home here is the bar, the side walls of which are made of panels of glass one and a half inches thick, which were portions of the Fishery Building at the World's Fair. There are 20 tons of glass in the walls, and each panel has an iridescent backing in green and looks as though grass and ferns are growing behind it. The frieze is ornamented at intervals with a bow of tiny gondolas, each bearing an incandescent light. When the prism chandeliers are lighted, the scene is one of fairy land. The Kansas City Elks are very proud of their handsome club house, which is said to be the most elegantly equipped Elks' Home in the country.

In seeing the sights of Kansas City, one is sure to take in the Mount Candy and Cracker Company's plant, at the northeast corner of 9th and Santa Fé streets. Here, there are "sweets for the

sweet," and it is interesting as well as instructive to see that candy, like everything else, ourselves included, is fearfully and wonderfully made. The Mount Candy and Cracker Company has a plant occupying 80 by 100 feet. Their building is five stories high and they employ 120 hands, half of whom are women. The firm does a large business, and on the day of our visit it shipped three car-loads of candy, one order, to a firm in Joppa, in the central part of the State. Three car-loads of crackers had also been shipped to the same firm a few days previous.

The greater part of the candy in this factory is cooked by steam in a vacuum, the thermometer registering 260 degrees. An interesting feature of candy-making is that of the "drops," which are moulded by machinery into long sheets, that when cool are so brittle the "drops" easily separate. Rolling and twisting candy into sticks is also a method in which there is not a little art. In the caramel department of the Mount Company there is one girl whose fingers are so deft and skillful in the art of wrapping caramels, and she works so rapidly, one can scarcely see her fingers; she really makes them "fly." She averages 800 pounds of wrapped candy in six working-days, and earns from $7.50 to $9 per week, while her sister laborers earn only $3.50 per week.

All candy is not made of sugar; for cheaper

grades, a great deal of glucose is used. The moulds for the better grade of candy are made of rubber, those for cheaper grades are made of starch.

The cracker department is also interesting in its details. Here, seven barrels of flour are put into one hopper at a time and made up into dough. The factory averages 40 barrels of flour per day for the best goods, and from 60 to 70 barrels for the ordinary goods. The base of nearly every cracker is a vanilla wafer, and from these are shaped and moulded all other crackers and plain and fancy cakes. The dough is rolled into thin sheets by machinery, and baked in an immense oven, on revolving metal shelves. In this way, at an even temperature, there is no such thing as burning the crackers. At each revolution, some are removed, and others placed in the oven. Thus, an immense amount of work is accomplished in the least possible time.

Neatness is everywhere apparent in the Mount Candy and Cracker Factory, which is a well managed and thoroughly equipped establishment. Although visitors are not generally allowed, through the courtesy of the management, the writer was afforded the pleasant privilege extended the chosen few of seeing the inside workings of the candy factory, and of having the novel experience of actually walking on candy—a rather unusual occurrence in every day life.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ARMOUR PACKING COMPANY—THE GATEWAY OF THE WESTERN FARMER AND STOCK GROWER —HOW THE KILLING IS DONE.

Everybody has heard of the great Armour Company's packing-houses, and everybody eats something in the course of a year that has passed through either the Armour's plant at Chicago or the one at Kansas City. To go through one of these plants is a sight one never forgets.

The Armour Packing Company's plant in Kansas City is situated partly in Missouri and partly in Kansas, and there is reason for crossing the line of these two States, as we shall see later. The ground-acreage covered by the buildings, and used for other purposes, is 30 acres. The floor-acreage in the buildings is 90 acres, and that of the cold-air rooms, 30 acres.

The storage-capacity is 200,000,000 pounds. The Armour Beef House of Kansas City is the largest in the world, being seven stories high, with a storage-capacity of 15,000 dressed cattle, and covering an area of 300 by 500 feet. There are

1,800 employees at the Armour Packing Company, who clear the building at the mid-day hour in five minutes. It is a sight worth seeing to witness this army of workers—men, women and children—pour forth from the main entrance at the noon hour to get their luncheon. It reminds one of a volcano belching forth humanity.

The distribution of the products of the Armour Company extends to every country in the world. In the various departments of the company's plant almost every trade, art and science is employed. In the lard-packing room are tin cans, barrels and hogsheads filled with lard, thousands of which are packed daily, and shipped to all parts of the world. All the tin cans and pails used for packing are made on the premises. There are 14 ice-machines here, producing a refrigeration equal to the melting of 1,350 tons of ice every 24 hours. There are 6 engines that run the ice-plant and pump the air into 30 acres of cold storage. These engines were made by the Frick Company, of Waynesboro, Pennsylvania.

All refuse is drawn off into tanks, and the grease refuse is shipped to the Armour Company at Chicago for soap making, as no soap is made at the Kansas City plant. Cleanliness is a dominant characteristic throughout the plant, and the tidiness of all the departments is remarked by the visitors.

The "Silver Churn" Butterine rooms are as clean as the kitchen and pantry of a model house-keeper. The butterine capacity is 100,000 pounds daily. We spoke of the plant extending across the line of the States of Kansas and Missouri. By an act of Legislature, butterine is not allowed to be manufactured in the State of Missouri. This department is therefore across on the Kansas side of the plant. In the butterine department, a large number of men and women are employed in moulding, rolling and wrapping in paraffine paper and linen, the prints and rolls of butterine, which are packed and shipped, and which the unwary cannot tell from the genuine article, "all wool and a yard wide."

The daily killing-capacity of the Armour Packing Company in Kansas City is something startling, but the following figures are correct; and he who doubts may come here and see for himself with what dispatch the hog, the cow, and the sheep forfeits its life to sustain man's. The killing is quicker than lightning and like it; the striking never occurs twice in the same place. There are 12,000 hogs, 4,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep killed here daily. When we say killed, we also mean cleaned, dressed and sent into the refrigerating room. We saw hogs going into the refrigerating room in ten minutes after we had seen those same hogs alive. Everything is done with neatness and dispatch, and

every man has some particular part in the work of the great machinery in this plant.

The cattle are herded in a large shed, all unmindful of their fate. They are lifted up a chute, a door raises and they enter their death-trap, a small box-like apartment, into which, as they enter, they are dealt a stunning blow between the eyes with a sledge-hammer.

The men employed for this work are skilled in the art of killing these animals, and seldom miss the aim. In most cases, death is instantaneous, but when it is not, the animal is shot. Like human beings, some die harder than others, but to the average animal, death comes quickly. There are two cows in each pen and six pens on each side, making twelve in all. Every time the cattle are run in, the men, two of whom do the killing, kill an average car-load of cattle, which is 24. Immediately after the killing, the animals roll out, are attached by the hind legs to an iron hook, lifted to the cog overhead and carried to one of the largest rooms in the building, where hundreds of men are at work taking off the hides and heads, and cleaning the cattle yet warm in their life's blood. In this room, one actually " wades in blood " to use the extravagant expression of the renowned " Teddy." Here, skilled laborers are employed. One man takes the head off quicker than you can wink.

He knows just where to stick the knife, and is so accustomed to the work, he can take a cow's head off with his eyes shut. The heads are split, the brains taken out and the head ground for fertilizer. Nothing in this world is wasted. Everything is utilized, and just here we have one of the most forcible illustrations of this truth. The horns are mounted and used for various things, useful and ornamental; the skins are tanned and sold for leather; the hair is for plaster-mixing, and the intestines for sausage and pudding. Nothing is wasted, even the blood of the hogs is used for purifying a certain kind of sugar, and the best blood is caught in vats and sold. Another set of men take off the legs at the first joint, and this is also done with extraordinary dispatch. From the time a cow is killed, until it is skinned, cleaned, halved and hung ready to be sent into the refrigerating room, is so brief, that we actually saw the muscles of several animals twitch as they were on their way to the cold storage.

The killing is all done in the upper stories of the building. This requires a great deal more of machinery and accompanying expense, but better facilitates the work. The skins drop down seven stories and are tanned on the lots below.

The lard is purified in vats in the upper stories of Armour's, where it is churned with paddles and made as white as snow. It then passes through pipes, and is drawn off into cans and kegs.

The electric-light capacity of the plant is enormous. One can understand this when we tell you it is equal to that of a well-lighted city of 25,000 inhabitants, or in other words, the electric-light plant here would be sufficient to light a city three times as large as Annapolis. There is a government inspector employed in each department of the plant.

Perhaps one of the most unique and interesting parts of the plant is that where the hog-killing is done. When we say 12,000 hogs are killed daily at this plant, it seems fabulous; but when we tell you we saw hogs sent into the refrigerating room ten minutes after they were alive and squealing, now all scraped, cleaned and dressed, you may credit the foregoing statement.

The hog is ushered into his death-trap under protest, and grunts and quarrels to the last of his hogship. Strung up by the hind legs they are sent along a cable to the apartment where the "sticking" is done. With the blood streaming from them, they are rolled into vats of scalding water, hoisted by machinery to the seventh floor, and as they ascend, the machinery scrapes them clean. At the seventh floor, they pass along the cog before an array of skilled workmen, each of whom does some part in the work of cleaning and dressing the hog. There appears to be an "endless chain" of these hogs.

All animals killed here are in good condition, and most of them are fine specimens. Even the cattle killed for canned goods are not of the poor class one would expect this line to be. Any visitor from the East who fails to see the Armour Packing Company's plant, misses a great sight indeed, and an object-lesson from which much valuable information is to be obtained. A cordial invitation is extended by the company to the general public to visit its plant during working-hours, and courteous guides are furnished for the purpose of showing the visitor the evolution of the hog, the steer, the sheep and the chicken into the varied and manifold products that the great Armour Packing Company places on the market.

It must be remembered that this wonderful packing-house is the gateway through which pour the contributions of the western farmer and stock grower, whose supplies keep the company's chimneys smoking. The finished products of this great Armour Packing Company are enjoyed by you, and all of the carnivorous public.

Kansas City promises to be a city of conventions, and to this end she has prepared herself by building the largest auditorium in this country.

Convention Hall, for so it is called, is a marvel in size and architecture, and a monument to the enterprise of a great city which "has on a big boom"

in the closing years of this famous nineteenth century. It is the hall in which the National Democratic Convention will be held in July and is situated at Thirteenth and Central streets, four blocks from the retail district of the city. It has been classed by travelers as one of the largest and most perfectly constructed auditoriums in the world.

Convention Hall was built by the people of Kansas City. A series of entertainments were held for which 25-cent tickets were sold. Everybody patronized, and the funds were soon raised to build the hall, which cost $400,000. Its seating-capacity is 25,000, and its most unique feature is that there is not a stair in the building.

Although there are three galleries, the ascent is made by an incline, a winding entrance, reminding one of a burro-trail up a mountain pass. The Kansas City Convention Hall has the distinguished honor of being the only building in the world in which one can go from pit to dome on a bicycle. Although such an immense building, occupying four blocks and seating 25,000 people (three times as many as the inhabitants of Annapolis), the Convention Hall can be cleared in a few minutes, as there are any number of exits on each of the four streets by which it is bounded and from the balconies and roof-garden. It is estimated that the hall can be emptied at the rate of 5,000 per minute.

The first story of Convention Hall is of the renaissance style of architecture, the second story in peristyle, with groups of columns. The building is of bridge construction, without a column, the roof being supported by great steel girders that span its 200 feet of breadth. Its interior is white with brown trimmings. Its acoustic properties are perfect and received especial praise. Hon. William J. Bryan, who last June addressed the head camp of the Modern Woodmen of America in the hall, said later:

"It is hard to conceive how Convention Hall could be improved upon for the purpose of large public gatherings."

Maurice Grau and Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, also praised it highly.

Anywhere in the building the speakers or singers on the stage can be heard with distinctness. In Convention Hall, all entertainments are held, and it is usually filled when anything is going on there. To see the lower floor, boxes, stalls, loges, and galleries filled, to gaze on 25,000 people assembled in one building, to look out over this sea of human faces is indeed thrilling and awe-inspiring. Chicago has made several attempts to build such a hall, but before completion the structure has burned down or collapsed, as it did recently. Kansas City, therefore, bears the palm in convention halls, and

in this, as in several other things, outranks the Windy City.

It was our good pleasure to see Convention Hall in almost every phase of entertainment, and thus get an idea of its usefulness. One of these was the Megaphone Minstrels, given during carnival week by 125 of Kansas City's society business men, who were well trained by their musical director, and many of whom did themselves credit in rag-time melodies and the cake-walk. The Megaphone Minstrels are always a feature of carnival week, and their announcement means a crowded house and a successful entertainment. The "Karnival Krew Bal Masque" was also held here. This was a novel sight to an Easterner. The floor was cleared for dancing, and thousands of characters, historical and grotesque, mingled here in a sea of colors.

Dinahs and Topsys danced with Deweys, Schleys and Uncle Sam; ballet girls with monks. Handsome and valuable prizes were given the best costumes and groups. The "chain-gang" was a taking group of ten men in prison garb, who did the lock step.

The most unique figure was the double woman. She had two faces, two bonnets, two aprons and two fans, each of which she used with dexterity. Her shoes turned the toes both ways. She walked backward and forward with equal cleverness, fan-

ning herself in either position. Indeed it was impossible to tell whether she was going to school or coming home.

An interesting feature of this particular evening was the grand march, in which there were over 1,500 people. The Chinese in Kansas City are a numerous colony. They took as much interest in the carnival as those to the manner born. They paid $2,000 to the San Francisco colony to get the costumes worn in the parade. With their accoutrements, flags and musical instruments, they paraded the hall several times to the strains of their music, which, however, is without harmony or symphony.

Another entertainment held at Convention Hall during our sojourn in Kansas City was the national female bicycle race, in which there were eight contestants for the world's championship. France, Germany, Sweden and America were represented, the latter by a Kansas City, a Minneapolis and a Chicago girl. In its new phase, Convention Hall presented another feature of its usefulness. The track was elevated to an angle of 50 degrees. Twelve laps was a mile. The contest lasted six nights, an hour and a half each night. The champion of America, the Chicago girl, won each night, and therefore holds the championship of the world among female bicycle riders. The contest was exciting throughout, and very close.

On another occasion, the great Convention Hall was the scene of the Kansas City Horse Show. A horse show anywhere is a very swell society event, and swelldom is always there, and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Horse shows have long since become full-dress parades for society women, and the Kansas City show was no exception. The arena was covered with tan bark, and there was no sound of horses' hoofs. The arena was 112 x 200 feet, surrounded by a 12-foot promenade. The fine array of carriage-horses, saddle-horses, high steppers and hunters was the strongest argument that the horse has by no means "had his day," nor is to be relegated into innocuous desuetude. The horse show here compares favorably with that of New York, and is as great a society event.

There seems to be nothing that cannot be held in the Convention Hall, as it is capable of metamorphosis from a Priest of Pallas grand ball, and Megaphone Minstrels to a horse show and bicycle race-track. Western cities are famous for carnivals. They begin in mid-summer with the Peach Carnival in Colorado, the watermelon and the grand husking party, the great flower carnival at Colorado Springs, and extend all along the States to Illinois, where Chicago has her Fall Festival. Denver's carnival is called the "Silver Serpent,"

and the floats and characters of the street-parade carry out the idea in a shimmering, glistening mass of color and iridescence. It is held the last of September, and like Katisha's left elbow, people come miles to see it. It is not, however, to be seen only on presentation of visiting-card, but it is free. This year it was a grand success, and merchants did a red-letter business. Denver's carnival lasts a week.

Kansas City "goes one better"; her carnival lasts ten days. She has christened hers the "Priest of Pallas" and "K. K. K.," which transcribed means the "Kansas Karnival Krew." Kansas City's street-fair far excelled that of Denver. Here the street-fair had displays of every mart of trade represented in this most enterprising mid-continent metropolis. There was machinery showing the workings of soap factories and manufactories of all sorts. Two firms had an exhibition of how they manufactured overalls, shirts, ladies' waists, dresses, and so forth. In the street-fair, we saw each step in the work; and here there were dozens of working men and women with the machinery buzzing around them, each doing his or her own particular part of the garment. Was there ever such enterprise in the East? Think of the expense that one of these exhibits in the street-fair entailed; yet the business men here do not hesitate for that.

An admission of 10 cents was charged at the

street-fair during carnival season, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were the gate receipts. This is a hustling, bustling community. Everybody is wide awake and up and doing. There are no idlers here, no drones in the bee-hive, and this is the secret of their success.

Kansas City is building a Paseo, or public park along her principal thoroughfare. It is to have fountains, a colonnade and when completed will cost $100,000.

About ten years ago—from '85 to '89—the bottom dropped out of real estate here, and a number of moneyed men went down with the crash. Business now, however, is booming, and ground, that once sold for $100 an acre, cannot be bought today for $100 a square foot.

There are not many wheels in Kansas City. There are so many hills, bluffs and "inclines" that riding a bicycle is almost too great a physical feat for the average Kansas Cityan. Kansas City is in this respect also unlike Denver, where there are 40,000 wheels and one-fourth of the population, men, women and children, ride a bicycle to the detriment of the car companies.

CHAPTER XVII.

KANSAS CITY SIDE-LIGHTS AND A FEW CHORDS OF ITS SOCIAL HARMONIES.

There is a Curfew law in Kansas City. At 9 o'clock in the evening the Curfew sounds in warning notes, and all children on the streets unaccompanied by parents are taken in charge by the legal authorities.

Kansas City is a distinctly representative community. There are people here from all points of the compass, and all parts of the United States—North, East, South and West. There are many elegant homes and handsome residences here, and a great deal of wealth is represented. There are a number of multi-millionaires in Kansas City.

There are beautiful drives throughout the city, and no city has finer boulevards. Kansas City differs from most other cities. One can go up into a building two or three stories and still be on the ground floor. Kansas City, like Chicago, has its street-railway tunneled under some of its streets. One of these tunnels extends for three blocks through a bluff.

Theatres are open on Sunday in Kansas City, as

they are all through the West, and Sabbath-breaking horrifies the Easterner.

Until recently the names of the streets were not marked at the street corners, but an appropriation of several thousand dollars has been made, and the signs bearing the names are fast going up. Some streets have the names carved in the sidewalks at the street corners. In the past year, there have been 50 miles of sidewalk laid in Kansas City, where there was formerly board walk.

Kansas City has the largest manufactory of agricultural implements in the world. It has five packing-houses and these, together with its stock-yards, employ 8,321 persons, equal to over 40,000 people directly dependent on them for a living. Their killing-capacity is 10,000 cattle, 25,000 hogs and 6,000 sheep daily.

Its manufactures consist of smelters, saw-mills, breweries, iron and steel, brick and clay, flour and meal, candy, furniture, box factories, agricultural implements, harness, planing-mills, lime, soap, ice, oil, tinware, mattresses, paints, carriages, cooperage, syrups, glue, copper works, brooms, awnings and gas. One-third of the cattle in the entire United States as given by the Agricultural Department in Washington, is here in the Kansas City market.

There are numerous handsome stores in Kansas

City, and they do an extensive business. The merchants believe in advertising their stock, and the daily papers are full of "ads." of all business houses in the city. One street in the shopping district is called Petticoat Lane, because the ladies frequent this locality. Most of the stores are department stores, and one can here purchase anything from a shoe-string to a brickhouse. The largest establishments have tea-rooms in the upper floors, where a delicious luncheon, with the best service, may be had at moderate prices.

A feature of the schools is the cloak-rooms. At the Manual Training High School each pupil has his or her own locker with a key, the same as a clubman has. In this way there is no trouble from loss of wraps or misappropriation of overshoes.

In the West there is always an "Orpheum" theatre and a "Trocadero" in every city, and Kansas City is no exception.

Among the prominent cigar stores there is one of which Jesse James, son of the late notorious highwayman of that name, is proprietor. He is very proud of his name and the notoriety attached thereto, and is largely patronized.

Kansas City is all we have claimed for it, and more. It is a typical western city, filled with eastern people, yet it is far ahead of us in many ways. We, of the South and East, are a cultured people

with high ideas and aspirations. Let us awake from the lethargy in which we have too long indulged! Let us get some of this enterprise and progressive spirit of the West, and let us attain that high place in the business world for which our capabilities and environments have so eminently fitted us!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"ARMOUR ROSE" SELLS FOR $2,500—THE FAMOUS KANSAS CITY STOCK-YARDS—A SIGHT WORTH SEEING—FROM KANSAS CITY TO OMAHA OVER THE BURLINGTON ROUTE —OMAHA, THE SCENE OF THE GREAT WESTERN EXPOSITION.

Few people who hear and read of "stock-yards" realize what they are, or have any real conception of their enormous size and the great amount of business done here. The Kansas City Stock-Yards are famous. They are located in the "Bottoms" and after a long car-ride the visitor reaches the interesting locality.

The best time to visit the stock-yards is early in the morning, when some of our Maryland folk are not up, for we are not very early risers in Maryland towns. At half past three, all is astir in the stock-yards, and business has been going on for quite a while. Cattlemen are driving from pen to pen, inspecting the stock preparatory to making a large deal in the same.

One ascends a small flight of steps at any convenient portion at the outskirts of the yards, stands on the platform and "views the landscape o'er." Miles and miles of cattle appear to stretch out in all directions as far as one can see. These are herded together in numerous compartments, waiting to be sold, and perhaps to be killed that very day. As soon as it is daylight the cattlemen ride through the various avenues of this vast yard, inspecting the stock, the merits of which are set forth by the guides, employees of the company.

When sold, each man's stock is herded in separate enclosures and finally driven over an incline and across the bridges to the Armour, Swift or Dold packing-houses. Not an animal that is in this vast arena early in the morning is there in the evening. Every one of the thousands and thousands has been sold, and the next morning sees a new lot in their places. In 1898, 9,268,635 cattle were driven out of these stock-yards for packers' and city use alone, not to speak of the calves, sheep, horses and mules driven out. The cattle business is an immense business here, and the Kansas City Stock-Yards are the largest in the world. In the neighborhood of the stock-yards is the cattle-show, and the auction-rooms where fine blooded stock are put up for sale.

The scene in the auction-room is a very exciting

one. The owner displays his fine stock to the best advantage. After having the animal bathed, and his horns polished, his hair curled and brushed until its gloss is equal to that of a colonial dame's pride and glory and crowning adornment, he walks the animal around the arena of the auction-room for public inspection and admiration. The inspection begins at 9 o'clock, when the auctioneer tells of the genealogical history of the blooded cattle to be sold. Indeed, to hear the auctioneer tell who the animal's sire and grandsire were, and dwell upon his choice combination of blue blood, and high class of individual merits, one would suppose the cow's ancestors came over in the Mayflower with all the rest of aristocracy. (It's a wonder that the Mayflower didn't sink, anyway!) After the animal's history and family-record are given and the several branches of the family-tree flutter and bend in the breeze of ancestral pride, the bidding begins, spirited and lively.

The auctioneer warms up to his business. He pleads for order and quiet. He becomes hoarse, then grows warmer, and finally takes off his coat with one hand, while he mops the perspiration from his brow with the other. Even the women (for there are a couple of dozen present), begin to catch the contagion of excitement, and are on tiptoe of expectancy to see who the purchaser of that grand

specimen of the Curtice Hereford stock is to be. The auctioneer puts up Lamplighter, Jr., son of the World's Fair prize-winner. He weighs 2,380 pounds, and has a long line of distinguished blooded ancestry to back him. Lamplighter, Jr., finally sells for only $1,000. Stock of the Hereford sort comes high, but the cattlemen must have it, and after all, a thousand dollars isn't much to pay for an animal that may die next day or that same night. Oh, no, "Armour Rose," the famous cow that helped to build the Kansas City Convention Hall, sold for $2,500 the day previous.

Armour Rose is two years old and weighs 1,200 pounds. She is also of the Hereford stock, and is as pretty and chubby as can be. She was sold to John Sparks, of Nevada for $2,500. She is a cow with a history. Mr. Armour gave her to be voted for, or raffled, the proceeds to be appropriated to building the large auditorium in Kansas City. She was won by a lady, to whom Mr. Armour offered $1,000 in cash, for the cow. The lady did what any of us would have done, accepted the thousand, and Mr. Armour took the cow. The next day Armour Rose was put up at auction at the stock-yards and brought two and a half times as much, to the discomfiture of the winner. The Hereford stock have dark-brown curly hair, short brightly polished horns, dark-brown legs and white

feet. They are beautiful cattle, and said to be very valuable. A visit to the stock-yards, cattle-show and auction-room impresses one that cattle are like people, there is a great deal in their stock, and good blood and a long line of ancestry stand for something the world over.

Leaving the Kansas City Stock-Yards, we wended our way to the station, preparatory to starting for Omaha, and the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at that time in progress. It was not without regret that we said good-bye to Kansas City, and the many kind friends who had shown us the interesting sights and scenes of that progressive Western metropolis. Our route this trip was over the Burlington, one of the most popular roads of the West and Northwest, and a road which is well patronized. Its road-bed is easy, its cars among the finest equipped in the West, with all modern conveniences and appliances, its service complete and its officials polite, courteous and obliging.

From Kansas City to Omaha, the Burlington Route runs through the Missouri Valley, rich in farm lands. Here, large farms of grain stretch away for miles, and this is one of the largest and richest farm districts in the country. We saw a farm of 1,200 acres of corn which produces 70 bushels to the acre, and which is owned by one, Mr. Rankins. Our train put off 100 men at this point to be employed in corn-husking on this farm.

Observing the moist, black soil, common along the route, we inquired relative to its usefulness. It is called gumbo, and is taken to Watson, burned in a kiln and becomes a red clay, and is used along the Burlington road-bed for ballast. The first town across the line in Iowa is Hamburg, a thrifty business-like little city.

We have always been gifted with a great amount of southern pride, and the following little pleasantry has a tendency to enhance that vainglorious-ness.

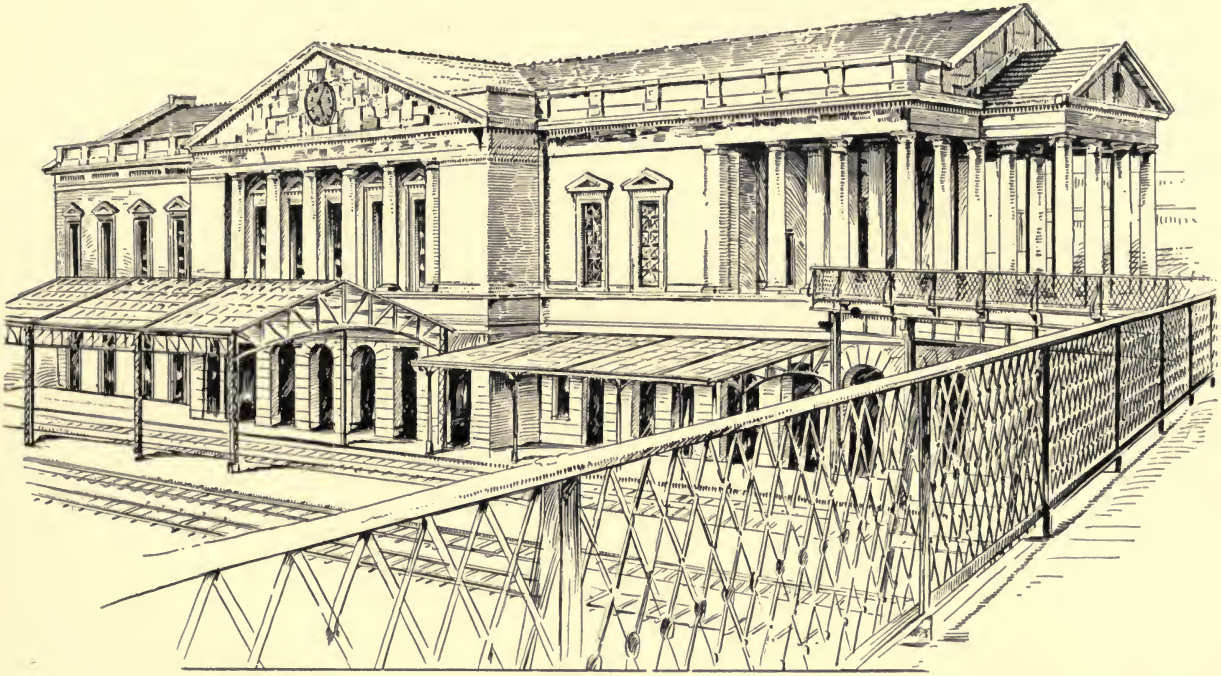
"I am sure you are a southern lady," said the conductor whom we had been interrogating. "Why do you think so?" we inquired. "Because you are so careful to say 'thank you' for any little service rendered, and I have noticed that southern ladies are always mindful of this. I have been on this road for sixteen years, and come in contact with a great many people in the course of a year, and even in the course of a day. I am somewhat observant myself, and it has been my experience that the most appreciative and polite ladies who travel are from the South. They never forget their manners." We have been shaking hands with ourselves ever since.

The Burlington Station at Omaha is a gem of loveliness. It cost $400,000, and is the handsomest station in the United States, except the one at

St. Louis. It is built of granite in the Greek and Roman style of architecture, with massive Doric pillars on the exterior, supporting the entrance above which are cut in the stone, figures and characters representative of western industry, such as mining, agriculture, and so forth. The design of the entrance to this depot is very similar to that of Gen. Grant's tomb at Riverside Park, New York.

In the interior, the pillars are of onyx, the side walls of marble tiling and the floors of mosaic pattern. The chandeliers, of brass, with myriads of incandescent lights, shed a soft mellow glow, and the effect in this marble palace is indeed beautiful. Palms and tropical plants decorate the rotunda and waiting-rooms, and one imagines himself in one of the World's Fair buildings or a mausoleum rather than a railroad station. No expense has been spared to make the Burlington depot at Omaha a magnificent building, thoroughly equipped with every comfort and convenience, besides being most artistic in ornament and design. Coming into Omaha by this route, one is favorably impressed with the sight.

Omaha has a population of 105,000. It is a clean attractive city with many handsome buildings and elegant homes. Like Denver and Kansas City, it is noted for its excellent school system and handsome school-buildings. The Omaha High School



BURLINGTON ROUTE'S NEW STATION AT OMAHA.

is one of the finest in the country. The building, an imposing red-brick structure considerably off from the public thoroughfare and on a high, terraced elevation, was once the State capitol building. When the capital was removed to Lincoln, this building was taken for the high school. There are over 2,000 pupils enrolled at this school. The Lake Street School is next in size to the Omaha High School. The court house is a handsome granite building, located amid beautifully terraced grounds. The postoffice is another handsome building of which Omaha may feel proud.

Across the Missouri river from Omaha, Nebraska, is Council Bluffs, Iowa, a city of no little importance. Many men doing business in Omaha reside at Council Bluffs. Omaha, the seat of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition of last year, and the Greater America Exposition of this year, has surprised the world. Coming Expositions may be bigger in point of size, but in point of beauty and interest the Omaha Exposition will probably never be excelled.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OMAHA EXPOSITION—ITS BEAUTIES DISSOLVED FOREVER—THE LAST GREAT EDUCATIONAL AND AMUSEMENT ENTERPRISE OF THE CENTURY.

On November 1st, the Omaha Exposition, the last great educational and amusement enterprise of the century, passed into history, and its countless beauties dissolved forever.

There is something pathetic in the reflection that never again within the lives of most of those of the present generation, will another opportunity be offered the people of the great West such an exposition within their midst as the Greater America Exposition just closed.

It has been in progress two years. Last year it was known as the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, and was the first of its scope and magnitude which history has allotted to the West. Its wonderful proportions, and its unprecedented success were a world's surprise. Its successor, the Greater America Exposition, born of its embers, rivaled it in magnitude, and surpassed it in beauty and educa-

tional worth, but was not so successful in point of attendance. For this latter reason, many interested in the enterprise, lost money this year.

Expositions are the indices of the progress of all that is best in civilization. They are growing in popularity, especially in the South and West. The immediate future is rich in promises of great national and international enterprises of this character. This year brings the world's fair at Paris; in 1901, Buffalo will open its gates to the commercial, industrial and educational world; in 1902, will occur the Ohio Centennial and Northwest Territory Exposition at Toledo, and in 1903, St. Louis will celebrate the anniversary of the Louisiana purchase. Each of these will doubtless be the wonder of its day, as its builders will have had the benefit of the experience of former builders; but never again within the lives of most of them will the people of the West enjoy an opportunity to witness so grand and edifying a spectacle within their doors as the one whose beauties have dissolved forever. Expositions like the one just closed at Omaha are of more educational value than a year's ordinary schooling.

The main buildings for exhibit purposes, occupied over 700,000 square feet, and every foot of it was occupied by varied lines of exhibits of unprecedented beauty and richness. The buildings were

all white, and reminded one of that great "White City" at Chicago seven years ago at the World's Fair. These buildings were all of ornate design, classic architecture and stately proportions, surrounding a wide lagoon with picturesque balustrades and connected by alluring and beautiful colonnades. In these buildings was to be seen the most interesting, if not the most comprehensive, representation of the products of American ingenuity and handicraft ever attempted, showing by means of model machinery in actual operation, the processes by which American artisans outstrip the rest of the world in the excellence and abundance of the products of their labor.

The dominant purpose of the Greater America Exposition project was to bring the American people into actual contact with representative types of the remote, but interesting sea-girt lands known as the Philippine Islands, as well as Cuba, Porto Rico and Hawaii. To this end, there were to be seen at the Omaha Exposition comprehensive exhibits of the people's products; the possibilities, habits, customs and industries of the new American dependencies. There were located here in the Midway Plaisance, villages of Cubans, Porto Ricans, Hawaiians and Filipinos, assembled in their native habitations, and portraying the routine of domestic, social, industrial and commercial life in their far-

away homes. Such an enterprise which was natural in scope and magnitude, was of intense patriotic interest to all students of national affairs and governmental politics. Although visiting the exposition during its expiring days, after the frost had touched and withered some of its beautiful floral decorations in the grounds, there was yet remaining enough to tell us that the grounds had been distinctly tropical, that throughout more than 200 acres enclosed by the exposition fences, there were thousands of luxurious palms, giant cacti, rare tropical flowers, and other treasures of the warmer and more fecund climes.

The entrance fee was the same as at the World's Fair. The building nearest the entrance and naturally the first visited, was the Government Building. This building contained a splendid exhibit. Here were to be seen the entire contents of the famous Libby Prison War Museum, composed of the relics of the wars of this nation, and of great historic importance and value. In one part of the building was displayed an immense collection of the relics and trophies of the late war with Spain; the campaign in Cuba and Porto Rico. There were from the Philippine Islands four car-loads of curious and interesting exhibits, relics of Dewey's famous victory, trophies of the war in and about Manila, and interesting objects collected from va-

rious parts of the island. In addition to all this, there were regular government exhibits of life-saving apparatus, and the like. Of the many things that attracted our interest, time and space will permit us to mention only a few. One of these was a United States flag made of red, white and blue paper roses, by the young ladies of Richmond, Virginia, in 1803. Another was the oldest cannon in America, one of the largest and most celebrated in the Confederate navy. This gun was in service on board the warship "Palmetto Tree" and upon the evacuation of Charleston it was thrown overboard, rather than let it fall into the hands of the Federal forces. It had remained at the bottom of the Charleston harbor from 1865 to 1891.

Strolling about the Government Building, we were attracted by a crowd standing about a frame. Curious to know what the object of attraction was, we became one of the gathering. Although time was valuable, we waited to get at closer range, and did not regret waiting. The object of interest proved to be a poem written in 1862 by H. Booze, late sergeant of Company E, 44th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. It was entitled "Old Libby," and was the experience of the writer, who related in verse his horrible suffering in that famous prison. The familiar word "Annapolis" caught our eye in the last stanza, which we give verbatim:

"We soon reached the harbor at old Annapolis town,
On the shores of our own Maryland,
Where they gave us new clothes, and more victuals, all free,
And a home near their city so grand,

The change from vile prison to Liberty's home,
Was so sudden, so joyous and great,
That hell turned to heaven, could only compare
With the joys of our blissful estate."

Here was one poor fellow, at least, who thought Annapolis "so grand," and we congratulated ourselves we hailed from the same town. Who would have ever imagined one would see anything from Annapolis, or about it in the Omaha Exposition! The world is not so large after all. In Denver we saw a pencil-sketch of an Anne Arundel county home, the residence of Col. Boyle, and here we see reference to the good treatment received by a soldier in those "times that tried men's souls," while at Annapolis, "on the shores of our own Maryland."

There were pictures of scenes in Andersonville Prison, Camp Sumter, Georgia, in 1864, and illustrations of how the famous tunnel was dug. We saw the chisel that did the work, and a chain ten and a half feet long whittled from one block of wood by an ex-prisoner of war. A gruesome relic was the photograph of John W. January, of the 14th Volunteer Cavalry, who, owing to bad treatment while a prisoner at Andersonville and Flor-

ence, was reduced to a famished condition. The bones of his feet decayed, and he himself cut them both off. He weighed only 48 pounds when exchanged. This man is to-day alive and well. He is in business in Chicago, and wears artificial feet. One often hears the extravagant remark, "I would not do such and such a thing to save my life." This man dared to cut off his own feet to save his life.

Among other interesting exhibits in this building was a printing-press, upon which Owen Lovejoy and his brother printed their anti-slavery paper at Alton, Illinois, in 1837. A mob destroyed the office, killed Mr. Lovejoy, and threw his printing-press into the Missouri river. Another exhibit that attracted a great deal of attention was an old-fashioned marble-top table, beside which Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee sat during their interview at Mr. McLean's house at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9th, 1865, and upon which the terms of Lee's surrender were written, bringing to a close the greatest civil war known to history.

Perhaps one of the most interesting modern exhibits in the Government Building was Gathmann's modern aerial torpedo, 18 feet long. This weapon is capable of destroying any battleship in existence. No fortification of the present day can withstand one hour's bombardment, as its destructive power, accuracy, aim and range are wonderful. This in-

vention will bring forth a revolution in warfare. It destroys an ironclad as quickly as a vessel of commerce. Congress has appropriated money to build cannon for firing this torpedo. There are over 100,000 objects of historic interest comprised in America's War Museum in the Government Building, from which a vast amount of instruction was to be acquired.

Leaving the Government Building, one next finds his way to the Agricultural Building near by. Here, a week could be profitably spent viewing and studying the cereals and all farm-products of these wealthy western States, of which only twenty years ago little or nothing was known; particularly is this true of Nebraska. Twenty years ago, nothing was known of Nebraska's soil and climate, and every act of the new settler in crop-growing was an experiment. Twenty years ago, when this country was being settled, Chicago had 400,000 people. To-day, it has over 2,000,000. Omaha had 20,000. To-day, it has 165,000. Minneapolis had 23,000. To-day, it has over 200,000. There are only single instances out of hundreds of similar growths. It is the West—Nebraska and Kansas—which supplies these and a hundred other large cities with beef, pork, flour, butter, eggs, chickens and fruit. Twenty years ago, the East supplied all the fine grades of butter and cheese. It was supposed the

West never would be able to produce choice butter and cheese. To-day, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas rank among the first, and lead the eastern States in quality and flavor. The development of the dairy-industry is astonishing. The average Nebraska creamery can ship butter to New York or Boston at a cost of less than three-fourths of a cent a pound above the price paid by New York and Vermont dairymen. That condition, together with a cheap feed, gives it a complete monopoly of the dairy-industry as of beef and pork. Twenty years ago, it was believed that trees or fruit would never grow here. To-day, there are many thrifty orchards in bearing condition as far west as the Colorado line. Twenty years ago, alfalfa was unknown. To-day, after learning all the peculiarities of this wonderful plant, the farmers of western Nebraska find themselves able, by its use, to raise hogs and fit them for the market at a cost of less than one cent a pound.

Twenty years ago, the farmers of Nebraska were obliged to ship all their cattle and hogs to Chicago. To-day, the second and third largest stock-yards and packing centres in the world are Kansas City and Omaha, making the very best of markets within a few hours' ride of the farmer's door.

Twenty years ago, this section had practically no home-market. To-day, there are in Colorado,

Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, manufacturing industries that employ over 150,000 hands, whose annual earnings aggregate $74,235,565. Twenty years ago, this was a new country with old and unprofitable methods and ideas. To-day, it is an older country with new and profitable methods and ideas.

So much for Nebraska and the strides it has made in a single decade. The first exhibit that attracted our attention was that of Dawson county, this State. Dawson county, only fifteen years ago, contained nothing but buffaloes and Indians; to-day it has 29,000 acres under irrigation. The farmer pays a perpetual water-right of 50 cents an acre for irrigation. In 1898, Dawson county produced 150,000 bushels of wheat, 200,000 bushels of corn, 950,000 bushels of oats, 600,000 bushels of barley, 400,000 bushels of rye and 25,000 acres of alfalfa. The exhibit of this county was very artistic. Among the handsome decorations was a face, entirely of cereals, and made of hog millet, silks of corn, milomace and other grain.

Polk county, Iowa, had a handsome display, in which was a large American Eagle and a handsome United States flag, made entirely of corn, the work of a young man of skill and ingenuity. The "Burlington Route" exhibit was unique. Here was a table spread for Thanksgiving

dinner, on which were the products of the State. The cloth was made of plaited corn-husks, of a creamy sheen, with red border. The father, mother, two sons and a daughter were seated about the table. Their faces were of putty, their hair of corn-silk, their teeth of grains of corn and their clothing of corn-husks and corn-silk. No two were dressed alike, and their appearance was as neat and artistic as it was novel. Above their heads was "Happiness," and on a card suspended from the table was: "Mother, ain't you glad you came to Nebraska?"

This is the question the husband asks the wife at each Thanksgiving dinner, for these figures of this family-group surrounding this well-filled table represent people living in Nebraska along the Burlington Route to-day, the road that holds the world's record for "1,025 miles in 1,047 minutes." The legend of this family-group is as follows: In 1868, the son of an Illinois farmer, acting upon the advice of Greely, goes West to grow up with the country. With a yoke of oxen and a good prairie-schooner, he starts out, and after four or five weeks' travel at fifteen miles a day, reaches the great "American Desert," somewhat on the divide between the Republican and Platte rivers, 100 to 150 miles west of the Missouri river. He finds an entirely undeveloped country, but recognizes in its

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXHIBIT AT OMAHA EXPOSITION.

magnificent soil, salubrious climate and pure water, in never-failing supply, three all-important factors for future prosperity and happiness.

He applies to Uncle Sam for 160 acres of this vast domain. Uncle Sam gives it to him with pleasure on payment of a small fee. He builds himself a sod-house, digs a well, and while his neighbors (few and far between) break up only 30 or 40 acres with one yoke of oxen, he at once gets to work with two yokes, and, with a 16-inch breaking plow, breaks up 60 acres the first season. He is not going to spend half of his valuable time cooking and washing dishes, so he gets himself an industrious little wife to attend to these things. These two young people of industry and good sense, live 30 years together, raising three children—two sons and one daughter—healthy and intelligent natives of the "Tree-Planters' State." To-day, the farmer is 53 years old, has a good house, barn, windmill and tank, a fine lawn, plenty of shade-trees, thoroughbred Herefords and fine horses.

His children are well educated, and his fine farm of 800 acres is well stocked. He is one of the wealthiest farmers in Nebraska, and to this end evidently followed the Biblical injunction, one of the mottoes on the Agricultural Building: "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and the first fruits of thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst out with new wine."

Linn county, Kansas, also had a fine exhibit. Here was a church made entirely of wild grass, and here was Kansas pop-corn 11 feet from the roots, 15 feet in all. Here, we also saw a huge heart made of corn, and what more appropriate emblem could there be, for is not corn the life-blood of our nation? "Bleeding Kansas" was indeed well represented in these exhibits.

The handsomest exhibit in the Agricultural Building was that of Douglas county, which won the first prize. This exhibit was a marvel of art. In Douglas county, "corn is on top," and to emphasize this, a huge top was made entirely of corn. In this county, there are 217,074 acres of land, of which 74,000 acres are in corn. Eighty-five per cent of the seed of the whole United States is grown in this county. In this exhibit we saw the Douglas county court-house made entirely of seed—lettuce, onion and tobacco seed. It was indeed a marvel of art. There were ears of corn in this exhibit 14 inches long, not one ear, but dozens and dozens of this length, with the corn in most perfect rows, not one grain "out of line" with its fellows. There was also a new species of beet, the mangel-wurzel variety, on which cattle are fed. Douglas county, Nebraska, has 27 distinct varieties of pop-corn. We saw an ear of corn that weighed 2 pounds and 1 ounce. The columns supporting this exhibit

were all made of the agricultural products of the county.

There was a watermelon here that weighed 86 pounds, a squash weighing 157 pounds, and corn so high that it would take a man on a step-ladder to husk it. There were radishes 12 inches long, and watermelons grown in winter, as well as those grown in summer, and fruits of all sorts and varieties. Indeed, it is a question what Douglas county, Nebraska, does not produce. A great attraction of this exhibit was the battleship "Maine," made of corn, on the deck of which a good view of the booth could be had.

Lancaster county, in which Lincoln, the State's capital, is situated, had a fine display. In this county, the general agricultural experimental station is located. Lincoln has the only sugar-beet school in America. Here, the farmer's boy, during the winter months, may be taught scientific farming, dairying, and given lessons on the good and bad qualities of stock and poultry. These are object-lessons; the animals are brought before the class and the lessons taught in this manner. If there is any school in the East or South where farmers' boys are instructed, during the winter months of idleness on the farm, in scientific farming, and the like, we shall be glad to be informed of the fact, for to our knowledge the idea is exclusively western.

From one of these farmer-boys' schools, we saw a beet which had been analyzed and the analysis of which showed eighteen and two-tenths per cent sugar. The clay of this county does not change color after bricks are made and burned. Agricultural implements were also displayed in this building, many of them of modern invention and improvement. Among these was a corn-planter of recent invention, that will plant 20 acres of corn a day.

The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building was filled with a bewildering display. Here, machinery was in operation. One could see silk-weaving from the beginning of the raw silk to the cloth; the manufacture of hats, from the raw material to the finished article, in short, a hundred different articles of commerce were being made here at the same time and under the same roof. In the Electrical Building was to be seen all the latest and most interesting electrical apparatus and appliances; dynamos, telephone exchanges, exhibitions of lighting, heating and cooking. In brief, scores of interesting and curious things, such as can only be found in a display of this kind, and which must be seen to be appreciated.

The colonial exhibit consisted of many interesting articles of commerce, industry and manufacture from foreign possessions; implements of agri-

culture, vehicles, plants, ornaments, products and fruits, and many interesting things from Cuba, Porto Rico and the far-off Philippines. The Art Museum at the Exposition contained over a thousand of the rarest works of brush and pencil from the collection of connoisseurs of wealthier cities. Here were costly bric-a-brac, elegant statuary, display of ceramics, all arranged amid the most artistic furnishings and brilliant coloring. Some one has said, an exhibition may largely be judged from its art exhibit, that this is the key-note by which an idea may be formed of the magnitude and importance of the entire exhibition. If this be true, Omaha's Greater America Exposition was indeed a success. The walls of the Fine Arts building were covered with magnificent collections of paintings representing every school of art, ancient and modern, and divided into sections of oil, water-color, pastel and pen-and-ink sketches. One of the noted collections was the Elegantarium Collection of antique art gathered from the old French Creole families of the South.

The Chicago *Record's* collection of 200 sketches of the war scenes in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and the collection of Indian pictures loaned by Mr. Ernesti, of Denver, are deserving of special mention. To Col. John R. Key, art director, much credit is due for the magnificent col-

lection and its pleasing arrangement. Col. Key is a Marylander, a cousin to Francis Scott Key, of "Star Spangled Banner" fame, and has a number of relatives residing in Annapolis. He is an affable and genial gentleman, much traveled and highly cultured, and an artist of merit. Several of his paintings were on exhibition here. Among these were paintings of the World's Fair; one being the "Court of Honor," a handsome painting full of light and color. Col. Key does not consider that the art exhibit has been a success, financially. Of the many pictures in the art exhibit that struck our fancy we shall only mention two, "The Trackless Ocean" and "Be Mine." "The Trackless Ocean" is a magnificent painting by Warren Shepherd. It took the gold medal at the art exhibition in Denver in 1884. In this painting, nothing is visible but the trackless waste of waters and the heavens. The moonlight glistens with startling effect upon the waves, and light and shade are harmoniously blended. The coloring of the blue-green ocean is true to nature. The picture has been much admired.

"Be Mine" appeals to one at sight. This painting represents two bootblacks on either side of a dog with an intelligent face. Each boy is using all of his persuasive power on the dog to induce him to become his own particular property. The art

exhibition must be exceptionally fine, since a gentleman from Berlin, much traveled, said there was the greatest number of art gems here that he had seen in any collection.

In the liberal arts exhibit were two vases valued at $5,000 each. They represent "Liberty" and "Progress," and have been previously exhibited at Vienna, Paris, London, Berlin, Chicago and New York. One vase represents the taking of the Bastile in 1789, the other, "Progress," represents from the discovery of America by Columbus, to Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

The Hawaiian School exhibits were particularly interesting. The Pohukaiwa School at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, had specimens in drawing, patching, composition and solutions in arithmetic worthy of any of our schools in these parts.

The Horticultural Building was a gem. At night the approach was through a fairy-like lawn where, hidden among the shrubbery, were hundreds of multi-colored incandescent lights.

Entertainments were daily features at the exposition. There were, during our visit, exhibitions of high diving by the world's champion divers, who leaped from an elevation of 60 feet to the lagoon beneath. The "Olympia," with "Admiral Dewey" aboard, crossed the lagoon amid the explosion of numerous sub-marine mines. There was a "burial

at sea," when Madame Johnson, tied hand and foot, was sewn in a sack, weighted and cast into the lake, and cutting herself loose, emerged after remaining beneath the water two minutes and a quarter.

There was a sham battle of Indians, and a band concert at night, in the concert hall, by a Cincinnati orchestra of 47 pieces. The grounds by day were as beautiful as a poet's dream, but by night they were a dream of loveliness. Their electric effulgence obscured the splendor of the heavens. The moon paled, the stars waned before the flash and gleam of over 45,000 electric lights, which flashed and gleamed in symmetrical lines of dazzling light along the outlines of the buildings and the majestic columns of the colonnade. This splendid illumination was one of the crowning features of the exposition.

The display was most effectively arranged. The exposition which had been seen by day was grand and beautiful, but when night spread its sable wings, a fairy scene sprang into existence—each outline defined, each tower and minaret clearly cut and brilliant with myriads of electric lights flashing like stars of ever-changing, shimmering brilliancy. The illumination of the Court of Honor is beyond description. Lights flashed from cornice and arch, from balustrade to lofty spire, from pillared colonnade to gilded dome, rear-

ed aloft on the Government Building. The electric fountain, at the western end of the lagoon, was a veritable rainbow of changing lights; now, clearest white like showers of diamonds, now, shell rose to softest green, and then, from sprays and showers of crimson to all the colors of the rainbow mingled, shifting, changing, a dream of fleeting beauty.

Around the Court of Honor, gardens of tropical plants bloomed by day, and blossomed in yet more brilliant hues by night. Three thousand lights clustered and colored to represent full-blown flowers, lighted the foliage, and gave the effect of fairy gardens. Concealed lights threw into bold relief each group of statuary upon the buildings. The effect was marvelous. Those who are qualified to judge, pronounce the electrical illumination at the Omaha Exposition to have been the most magnificent ever arranged—far surpassing the brilliant illumination at the World's Fair. There, a great many more lights were used, but they were more scattered; here, the grouping and designs followed out, contributed largely to the beauty of the scene. The Greater America Exposition was a credit to Omaha, and the State of Nebraska, and indeed, to the whole United States.

It has passed into history, reflecting the stirring events of America during the closing two years of the nineteenth century. It will, probably,

not only be the last great educational enterprise of the century, but the most unique. It had a theme and a purpose distinctly its own. It was a worthy enterprise of a worthy town. The Chicago Wrecking Company purchased the buildings for $50,000. The Omaha Exposition was built and conducted without asking a dollar of contribution from national, State, county or city treasuries, but it enjoyed the voluntary support and aid of the heads of the departments of the national government in the acquisition of war exhibits and those from the insular dependencies. The Omaha Exposition is a thing of the past, its countless beauties have dissolved forever, and there is something pathetic in the fact that the last great educational and amusement enterprise of the century has passed into history.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM OMAHA TO CHICAGO—A WOMAN'S HEROISM—INCIDENTS ON THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD—RIDING IN A MAIL-CAR.

Leaving Omaha for Chicago over the Chicago and North-Western Railroad on the homeward trip, to one who has been at all observant, the scenery along the road has grown familiar, and special points of interest are again looked out for. Among these is Kate Shelly's old home, and the new one too, the gift of the Chicago *News*.

Both houses stand side by side, and on the morning of our return trip, Kate and her mother were on the veranda, waving to the train as it spun past their home. The reader will recall the brief mention made in a previous chapter of Kate Shelly's bridge. Kate is a plain, everyday, ordinary woman, now 34 years old, of little education but a great deal of pluck and heroism, and who lives in Iowa, along the Chicago and North-Western Railroad between Boone's and Ames, in that state.

Some years ago, she swam the Des Moines river

at night, and signaled an approaching passenger-train about to cross a bridge which had become weakened by the heavy rains, and which had given way under a freight-train. She thus saved many lives. For this heroic act the Chicago and North-Western Railroad gave her $5,000 and an annual pass over their road, also a gold medal with their stamp studded with diamonds.

The Chicago and North-Western is the only road that has a double track from Council Bluffs to Chicago. The new road-bed is not quite finished, and when completed will be one of the finest roads in the West. Passing along the road, one has a good view of the Indian Reservation in Iowa. In early summer, on the outbound trip, we saw these Indians scattered about near the railroad; now it has grown colder, and they have moved their camp farther away upon the hills, into the shelter of the woods. On this occasion, a number of them were in their cemetery, burying one of their dead. They wore their characteristic dress, and were wrapped with beautiful red and Roman-striped blankets. The graves are queer looking objects, and have board coverings. The Indians on this reservation are said to be a bad set, and the white man is shy of them.

Farther on, the Chicago and North-Western tracks cross a handsome steel bridge over the Miss-

IOWA RIVER, NEAR TAMA, IOWA.

IOWA FARM SCENE.

issippi. Here, one sees the two States, Iowa and Illinois, together.

Several large saw-mills are located on the Iowa side of the river, and rafts of logs are seen floating down the great Mississippi. The Mississippi Valley Stove Company has a large manufactory on the Illinois side, and does an extensive business. The day's ride from Omaha to Chicago is long and tedious to one who attempts to sit still, but to the human interrogation-point, which numbers the writer among its class, the fourteen hours' ride can be made very pleasant.

We visited the baggage-car, and although this was one of the "dull days," the baggage-master told us that in 16 years of his experience in this capacity on the Chicago and North-Western road he had not known a busier season than the past summer. He also said that in those 16 years there had not been a single accident. Visiting the mail-car is a privilege accorded but a chosen few, and can only be obtained by special permission. To one who has never visited a mail-car or ridden in one, the sight and experience is a revelation. This car is a regular postoffice on wheels.

Here, the railway postal clerk and his four assistants, assort and distribute the mail from pouches put on at the various stations, placing the mail matter in pigeon holes the same as at the post-

office. The West-bound mail is always twice as heavy as the East-bound. The mail for New England and New York city is heavier than all other East-bound mail. A great deal of foreign mail passes through the mail-car, and much registered matter. If one doubts to what extent our business houses do business with foreign countries, he has but to see the letters a single business house sends to France, Austria, Arabia, Porto Rico, New South Wales and other foreign countries.

A mail-car usually handles 15 tons of mail each trip. The mail-pouches are sacks weighing from 200 to 400 pounds each. The mail is always heavier at the first of the week. The letter-mail is always heavier on Monday, probably because Sunday is the popular letter-writing day. The paper-mail is heavier at the last of the week because of the weeklies. The railway postal clerk and his helpers have no easy job. Recently, on a Chicago and North-Western mail-train, three men handled 800 packages and 33,000 letters on one trip, working, however, 15 hours—a long day's work. Each man is responsible for his own work, and is required to leave the mail-car in perfect order. Each man's work is labeled with name, day and date, and all errors are charged up against him.

Annapolis is a place of no little importance, after all. One sees something about, or from it or on

NEAR LOVELAND, IOWA.

GLEN ELLYN, ILLINOIS.

the way to the historic town by the Severn, everywhere one goes, even in a railway-car; for here, in a railway postal car, we saw a letter on its way to Annapolis to a cadet at the Naval Academy. For fear this one little letter might be lonely on its long journey to the town "Richard Carvel" has again made famous, we sent another along with it to bear it company.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHICAGO SKY-SCRAPERS—THE CITY HAS A RIVAL—RELICS OF WITHERED GLORY—THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS—THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

So many have been to Chicago, and have seen its massive "sky-scrapers" and public buildings, that we shall not attempt to describe it, but only mention a few facts that, perhaps, everybody doesn't know.

Chicago long since has had many imitators of these multi-storied buildings, and although one of these is 23 stories high, New York "goes her three better," and has a building of 26 stories. Chicago can no longer include among the things for which she is famous "the highest buildings in the country."

Once in Chicago, one naturally desires to visit the World's Fair grounds, and recall the experience of seven years ago. The grounds are scarcely recognizable, and save for the reminders of its withered glory, it is hard to believe that such beauties, of a few years ago which have dissolved into noth-

ingness, ever existed. The park, where once these magnificent palaces of art stood, is visited daily by hundreds of people, and on Sunday by thousands.

The lagoon, or one of them, still nestles on its bosom the " Nina," " Pinta " and " Santa Maria "; Columbus' three ships reproduced. They have recently had a dress of paint, and look quite fresh for such ancient models of navigation of the fifteenth century. Then, there is the Iowa State Building standing, at least its exterior, for it has been converted into a resting place for weary travelers, and seats are provided here.

The German Building is intact along the Lake shore, and is the only one of the foreign buildings remaining in the grounds. Here, lunch is served, and it is a kind of restaurant. It is difficult sometimes to come down to things of earth, and to realize that in the building where we once saw the Oberamergau clock in operation and the beautiful stained-glass windows, statuary, and the like, that such a mundane thing as appetite is catered to.

The Palace of Fine Arts still remains, but oh, in such a dilapidated condition! It is dark with smoke and weather, all of its entrances have gone but one, its columns are crumbling, and its statuary ornamenting the exterior is a sorry sight. Indeed, it has not only seen better days, but it has seen its best days. One forgets the exterior when he en-

ters, and again sees the relics of Columbus, pictures of all descriptions, ethnological departments of all countries, zoological exhibits and many things we saw seven years ago. Guards are stationed here now, just as they were then.

Many of the large pieces of statuary the owners did not care to move, are still in the Fine Arts Building, the only one of all the "White City" that remains to tell of its existence and recall this most wonderful, and educational enterprise of this country in honor of its discovery and its discoverer. The Larabede Monastery, built after the style of the one in which Columbus left his little boy while he made his cruise, is still standing on the Lake side. In summer it is used as a sanitarium, and invalids board here to get the Lake breeze and sunshine.

Chicago's new library is a magnificent granite building which occupies a block. Its interior decoration passes description, and some who have seen both, say it compares favorably with the interior of parts of the great Congressional library at Washington. The interior of Chicago's Public Library is of white marble, spotlessly clean, and one marvels that it can be kept so in dirty Chicago. It is ornamented with mosaic work in green and pearl and glistens in the sunlight and under the effulgence of the numerous incandescent lights, like diamonds and precious stones.

The effect is most beautiful. At the entrance, in front of the broad stairway, are two arches of marble, one higher than the other. On the outer arch are names of ancient poets and writers of Greece and Rome; among them Plato, Horace, Virgil, Homer and Livy. On the inner arch are modern poets and writers—Longfellow, Whittier, Byron, Irving, Shakespeare and others. Various appropriate quotations adorn the niches. One of these from Milton is: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond." One from Bacon says: "The real use of all knowledge is this, That we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God, for the use and advantage of man."

Another from Isaac Barrow says: "He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend; a wholesome counsellor; a cheerful companion; an effectual comforter," and a quotation on the walls, from Victor Hugo, says: "A library implies an act of faith which generations still in darkness hid, sign in their night, in witness of the dawn." In all the lettering, the old-fashioned way of using the *v* for *u* is adopted, and which, until one grows accustomed to, makes it difficult to read easily. In the Chicago Public Library there are 25,000 volumes.

CHAPTER XXII.

MILWAUKEE, THE CITY OF BREWERIES—CHICAGO'S SABBATH BREAKING—THE ZOO—BUILDINGS MOVED FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

A popular trip out of Chicago is the two-hours' run on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad to Milwaukee. The ride is through a beautiful section of the country, well built up, and with lovely Lake Michigan in view nearly all the way, the road running parallel with the Lake, the deep bluish-green waters and choppy white-caps of which remind one of the grand old ocean. The towns en route have Indian names, such as Wahkegan, Racine, Kenosha and others of like sound.

Milwaukee is a city of 280,000 inhabitants. It is not unlike Baltimore in appearance. Its City Hall is an odd-looking, brown-stone building with a high tower, occupying a triangular space in the centre of the town. It reminds one of the No. 9 Engine House in Baltimore. The Milwaukee post-office is a handsome granite building of recent construction, and worthy a city of much larger size. There are numerous hotels here handsome in con-

struction and elegantly furnished, the Pfeister being the most "swell" and expensive. The stores are very fine and a great deal of business is done here. Milwaukee is quite a thrifty town. It is largely a German town which is indicated by the large number of brewers and breweries. Milwaukee is noted chiefly for its manufacture of beer, and the large "Allis" manufactory and steel and iron works.

Few people know that the site of Chicago was bought from the Indians for less than the price of a high-grade bicycle. Chicago is a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants and one of the most progressive cities in the world, although one of the most stupendously wicked. The Chicago zoological gardens are said to have no equal in the country. Every creeping and walking thing upon the earth is to be found here. It has a larger and finer collection of animals than Central Park, New York; Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and City Park, Denver, or any other zoo in this country.

In Chicago, some theatres are used for church service on Sunday morning, and for a vaudeville Sunday night. There is no more regard for the Sabbath day in Chicago by the masses, than in the most benighted regions of earth, where the Christian religion has never penetrated. It is not an uncommon thing to see people moving on Sun-

day in Chicago, and large furniture vans, loaded with household furniture, being driven along the streets. Stores are in full blast here on Sunday, and one can purchase anything he wants from a shoe-string to a brick-house. It is nothing to see painters at work painting buildings or decorating signs on Sunday, and we even saw a gang of men at work macadamizing a street on the Sabbath. Nobody seems to think anything of it, and if one is inclined to remark that there was such a law given to Moses on Mount Sinai about remembering the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, one is considered a fossil, or a crank.

This is the only city in the world where a building was begun at the top and finished on the ground floor. It is a 17-story building, and it happened in this way: The contractors had erected the iron and steel skeleton for the building, but the stone for the lower stories was late in coming, having been purchased from another State. The building under contract was to be completed in a certain time, so the contractors, nothing daunted (for Chicago people dare to do anything), went to work on the upper stories. Here, 17 stories up in the air, they laid the masonry, hung frame for windows, and came down story by story. When they reached the lower part of the work on the building, their material for it had arrived. Even Chicago-

ans, to whom nothing is novel, really gazed amazed at this building begun at the top and built downward.

One of the novel sights in Chicago is to see three different lines of transportation, one above the other. This is to be seen in two different places in the city. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad has tracks running north and south through some of the streets. Just above these tracks, the city's trolley-cars run at the bed of the street, east and west, and just above the trolley-cars is the Lake street elevated—making three different lines of transportation, one above the other.

Lake Michigan is about 350 miles long and 86 miles across from Chicago. In summer, handsome steamers make excursions on the Lake to various points. On some of these excursions, one is out of sight of land from two to three hours.

Chicago has all sorts of weather; the most unexpected happens here. On November 2nd there was a snow storm in Chicago; and on November 13th a regular thunder storm, characteristic of July or August, prevailed.

Bancroft Library

Moving buildings in Chicago is a common, every-day occurrence. Some time ago, a six-story building was lifted from the ground and two stories put under it. The reason for not building on the top story was, the lower walls would not have been

strong enough to sustain the weight of the extra two stories. A big apartment building was recently moved intact from 12th to 13th street to make room for the viaduct. The firm of Carson, Perry and Scott never suspended business a day while 17 stories were built above their establishment. Some time since, a Chicago gentleman went to Europe. The house he owned in Chicago, was, on his return, nowhere to be found. During his absence, some one had lifted his house and moved it—to this day he knows not where. Although he employed the detective force and the police of the city to locate it, he has been unsuccessful. Moving buildings is such a common sight in Chicago, that no one thought anything of it when this particular house was moved. It is dangerous for one to go abroad and leave his house in Chicago, unless it be guarded, as it may *walk* off before his return.

CHAPTER XXIII.

POLICE, ALL FOREIGNERS—FINE STORES—THE ROOKERY BUILDING—MOVING DAY—A CITY OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES.

Home, Sweet Home.

Although Chicago is a progressive city, it is still primitive in its "wild and woolly" western acts of "hold up." During a three weeks' stay in this city there has not been a single day in which the daily papers have failed to record not one "hold up," but several; some of them at noon-day, and in prominent streets.

This is enough to give any city a black eye, figuratively speaking, but it does not seem to interfere with Chicago's regular routine, or prevent people coming here. The Chicago police are all foreigners, and the majority of them are Swedes. If you ask a Chicago policeman a question, unless you are a linguist and familiar with all the foreign tongues, you will not have the faintest idea of his answer, for it will be anything but English. We asked two to direct us to the Haymarket statue, and we are still puzzling our brain to know what

they said in reply, but it sounded much like the language the Hawaiian villagers used at the Omaha Exposition. However, to us it was Hebrew. It is said the police force of Chicago are a poor lot, and certainly from the daily hold-ups there, the sand-bagging and the little protection offered pedestrians after dark, and sometimes even at noonday, there is something lacking in this branch of the municipal government.

Perhaps the statue at Haymarket Square, the scene of the anarchists' riot and murder of several police a few years ago, has had some little effect on the element in that locality. The statue is an imposing one of an officer of the law, who, with uplifted hand, says in the inscription beneath: "In the name of the people of the State of Illinois, I command peace." Just where the statue stands, the police were murdered by anarchists during the Haymarket riot.

Chicago is said to be the only city in the world that has a store that for many years has not closed its doors, night or day, for 365 days in every year. This is a prominent cigar store, and has a night force as well as a day force of clerks. At night, they sell cigars and tobacco to those returning from the theatres; after this, to the newspaper force as they wend their way homeward in the early morning hours; by this time, workmen are on their way

to their daily labors and stop in for their tobacco, and so there is no time to close the doors of this popular cigar store, night or day.

The Rookery Building has a population of 4,000 doing business under one roof. Think of it! Half the population of Annapolis working daily in one building.

Something new in the way of desert here is a pie *a la mode*. This is apple pie served with ice-cream. Try it! It is delicious. Another popular way of serving ice-cream in the West is in the halves of canteloupes. If the canteloupes are "Rocky Fords," as those one gets in Colorado, the combination is very fine, for there are no canteloupes grown anywhere like the "Rocky Fords."

Chicago has a regular moving day, or rather two of them, and these are school holidays. Evidently the children are important factors in the moving scheme. All leases date from May 1st to May 1st of the succeeding year, and this is "moving day." No matter at what time you rent a house or flat in Chicago, your claim to that house expires with the following first day of May, and must then be renewed if you intend to remain.

There are no stores in any city, not even excepting New York, to equal the immense establishments in Chicago. Many of them employ thousands of clerks and occupy several acres. In

one of the stores here, one can buy all the way from a box of bird-food to a ton of coal, or from a cradle to a coffin. In this same store there are: a notary public, two telegraph offices, and a bank. One can get married in this store if he so desires, as the magistrate is always on hand. Every thing can be procured here but a death certificate.

No city in the world pays more attention to window-decoration than Chicago. At Christmas, whole plays are enacted in some of the store-windows. The larger stores, occupying several blocks, have daily displays of the complete furnishings of every room in a house, and these window-decorations are shown in the most artistic fashion.

Chicago is a city of such magnificent distances that sometimes to call on one's friend who lives on the West Side when one lives on the North Side, he has to travel 30 miles—farther than from Annapolis to Baltimore, yet in the same city. Some of the elevated roads have stations at the upper floors to the entrance of several popular stores. In this way one can take the elevated, do all the shopping one wants, and not be on the street or from under cover from start to finish.

Bootblacks do a thriving business in Chicago, for it is one of the dirtiest, muddiest cities on the continent; and such black mud, too! The Windy City seems to have been built on a marsh, and some one

has said that some day it will be wiped off the map, either by being swallowed up in the Lake, or sinking in its own mud-puddle. To build in Chicago, it is necessary to dig down from 8 to 10 feet, lay piles (as though for a bridge), and literally anchor the foundation for the building before erecting the steel skeleton on which to hang it.

Chicago is indeed a wonderful city, and it would be futile to even attempt to describe it. We have, therefore, only mentioned a few of its features which, perhaps, are not generally known.

And now we bring descriptions of our "Western Wanderings" to a close, trusting they have been of some interest, and possibly of benefit to our readers, and that they have enlightened our eastern friends on subjects pertaining to this beautiful western country, through which it has been our good fortune to travel during the past four months. When we began the letters, from which this volume is compiled, it was not our intention to inflict such a number of them on the unsuspecting public. Once having begun to tell of the beauties, thrift, enterprise and progress of this new western country, we found it difficult to stop.

We are at our journey's end. A 24-hours' ride on the picturesque Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will land us in Washington, and another short run will put us in historic Annapolis-on-the-Severn, our

" home, sweet home." After all, there is no place like home, and the prospect of greeting friends and seeing the old familiar faces, brings with it a peculiar pleasure.

We have been traveling for many long weeks,
We've passed over mountains, rivers and creeks,
We've dwelt in the Rockies, stood on Pike's Peak dome
But there's no place so dear as our Home Sweet Home.